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Psalmi in Terra
In Cœlis Alleluja
THE PSALMES of DAVID
From the New Translation of the Bible Turned into Meter.
To be sung after the Old Tunes used in ye Churches.
Sing Unto the Lord a New Song
Psal: 96: 1.
LONDON printed by Ed: Griffin. 1651
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Bible. O.T. Psalms. English. Paraphrases.

THE PSALMES OF DAVID,

FROM

The New Translation of the Bible Turned into Meter:

To be Sung after the Old Tunes used in the Churches.

Greg. Nazianz. Orat. 40. In Baptisma.

Ἡ ψαλμῳδία μεθ' ἣν δεχθήσῃ, τῆς ἐκεῖθεν ὑμνῳδίας προοίμιον.

Psalmorum Cantillatio, cum quâ accipiêris, illius Hymnodiæ præludium, &c.

Hippolyt. Episcop. Orat. de Consummat. Mundi, ex versione Jo. Pici.

Temporibus Antichristi Psalmorum decantatio cessabit.

LONDON,

Printed by ED. GRIFFIN, and are to be sold by *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Princes Armes in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1651.

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Ian. the 7th 1650.

Imprimatur.

JOHN DOWNAME.

Allowed of by the Company of Stationers.

The Preface.

Not to vy with Any, who have rendered Them better, nor to diminiſh thoſe who perhaps have done Them worſe, nor for the vanity wherewith Many delight Themſelves, To be reputed Authors of a Publick work, much leſſe for any ſordid expectation of gaine, doth This Edition of the Pſalmes offer it ſelf to the common view. The generall diſtaſt taken at ſome unhandſome expreſſions in The Old, which both diſfigured the meaning of the Holy Ghoſt, and reproached our Engliſh Tongue, (That did not afford a decent cloathing to preſerve Them from the ſcorne of Theſe who apprehended any occaſion to quarrell us) invited Me to try in Some Few, whither They might not

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in the plaineſt dreſs of language be freed from thoſe diſparagements of the Text, which gave offence. After I had privately ſhewed Thoſe (intended no farther then for an aſſay) perſwaſion of Friends, who had power to command, made me (having now leiſure from thoſe greater employments, to which I was called more then I ever expected) willing to run through the Reſt.

I know Alteration (though for the Better) is ſcarſe welcome to People by Cuſtome, and long Preſcription habited in their Firſt formes, that of S. Auguſtine *being often true,* Ipſa mutatio conſuetudinis, quæ adjuvat Utilitate, Novitate perturbat, *The profit doth not recompenſe to Them the trouble and diſorder of the Change.*

Auguſt. Epiſt. 118. ad Januarium de conſuetud. variis Regionum.

I have therefore by tying my ſelf to the old Meter and old Tunes, endeavoured to prevent that diſturbance which the Alteration might bring, whoſe difference in this Verſion will not be much diſcerned, when the Congregation, perfect in their antient Tunes, may with as much eaſe repeat every verſe read before They ſing (according to the practiſe) as They did the Old.

Wherein

Wherein I ſhall deſire my aime may be rightly underſtood, which was to render them rather with perſpicuity and plainesse for the vulgar uſe, then Elegance. For this the diſadvantage of the Meaſure (of All others leaſt gracefull) wherein moſt of the Pſalmes run, allowes not: eſpecially when by deſigne I deny my ſelfe the liberty of thoſe words and Phraſes, which either ſuit not the Gravity of the Subject, or capacity of the Meaneſt. To this end I have ſo cloſely followed the New Tranſlation of the Pſalms in our Church Bibles, that He who is able to read the one, may perceive the Reaſon of the Text neither left, nor abuſed in the Rhime; both which without much Un-evennesse, or force are brought to an eaſy and familiar agreement.

Indeed where the Place is obſcure, and the Conſtruction difficult, I take leave by paraphraſe to give the Meaning: which the method of times obſerved by the Septuagint, whoſe Verſion Moraliseth in the Greek, what was wrapp'd up in figures in the Hebrew. As to inſtance in one for all, in Pſalme 84. verſe 6. What our Tranſlation from the Original termes The Valley of Baca, or of Mulbery Trees (as

the Margin hath it) meaning thereby a place oppreſt with drought and Barren neſſe, where thoſe Trees commonly grow. The Greek reads τὴν Κοιλάδα τῦ κλαυθμῶ νος, the valley of Mourning, or of Teares from the ſad effects (ſaith Vatablus) which ſo wretched a Place produceth wherein paſſengers were conſtrained (for want of other) to drink Raine water kept in pits digged for that purpoſe.

Vallem ſitientem & ob id ad fletum excitantem. *Vatablus.*

This courſe as it is moſt uſefull, ſo I hope needs no excuſe; for elſe how ſhould the Congregation obſerve the Pſalmiſt rule, To ſing with underſtanding when they underſtand not what they Sing. The ſerving God upon Others ſcore whom we beleeve meane well is a faire way to Sing implicit Faith into a Church whoſe Orthodox Divines both in their Pulpits and writings have ſo often Sung it out.

Pſal. 47. 7

Neither will any (I hope) be ſo ſeverely as to conclude, That it is not David's Pſalme, but Ours, ſo long as we Sing it in His ſence, though not alwayes according to His ſtrict Letter. For as it is not to be expected from a Tranſlator that he ſhould verbum verbo reddere give word for word: ſo with the learned

Andræas Viega, *I must conclude it im-* Hiſtor.
poſſible, that all the words of one Lan- Concil.
guage ſhould be tranſplanted into Ano- Triden-
ther, but that there will be ſome reſtricti- tin: Lib. 2
on or enlargement of ſignifications. An. 1546
And however One who thus preciſely
confines himſelf to a Literall interpretation
(if he may pleaſe himſelf, He can neither inform
thoſe who are leſſe learned, nor keep them
from apprehenſions of prejudice upon the
Text: Since that which in the Hebrew is
an Elegance, rendered in another Lan-
guage according to the Words would be
(to ſay no worſe) perplex'd and barbarous,
inducing men, through this defect of the
Interpreter, to ſuſpect that The Holy
Ghoſt dictated, and the Church commen-
ded ſome things to the Peoples uſe, which
need not be underſtood.

Beſides this advantage of Para-
phraſe where Places are dark, the Con-
gregation happily may find Another
in the contracting divers Pſalmes,
formerly divided into ſeverall Parts; ſo
that now, unleſſe ſome Few, the moſt
without theſe fractions and interruptions
may be ſung entirely at Once, not bor-
rowing too much time out of that which
is allotted to Other Duties.

I have no more to add, But as the Ser
vice of God was my first aime, so I shal
account my labour fully recompensed, if i
proves usefull, or acceptable to The mo
Renowned Mother Church of England
Under whose First establishment an
happy Reformation, in the Best and mo
Orthodox Times, I professe my self by a
obligations of Duty and Devotion an
bedient Son, and faithfull servant.

PSAL. I.

VERSE 1.

He man is bleſt whoſe feet not tread,
By wicked counſailes led:
Nor ſtands in that perverted way,
In which the Sinners ſtray;
Nor joynes himſelfe unto the chaire,
Where Scorners ſeated are;
2. But in God's Law both dayes and nights
To meditate delights.

3. He ſhall be like a Planted Tree
We neere the Rivers ſee:
Whoſe branches by their moiſture ſpring,
And fruits in ſeaſon bring.
4. No parching droughts his leaf invade,
Or make his bloſſome fade.
For God will his indeavours bleſſe
With proſperous ſucceſſe.

5. But wicked men themſelves ſhall find
Like chaff blow'n by the wind.
6. Nor in the finall Judgment muſt
Stand up among the Juſt.

7. For God the righteous guides, and knowes
The path wherein he goes:
When wayes of Sinners periſh ſhall
In their eternall fall.

PSAL. II.

1. WHy do the furious Heathen rage?
Vaine people why engage?
2. Kings of the Earth a Party make,
And Rulers counſell take.
Who 'gainſt the Lord that Earth doth ſway,
And His Annointed, ſay,
3. Break we the Bonds They on us lay,
And caſt Their Cords away.

4. But God, who doth the Heavens guide,
Shall them in Scorne deride,
5. Then ſhall His ſoare diſpleaſure breake,
And He in anger ſpeake.
6. Yet have I ſet my King on high,
Adorn'd with Majeſty:
Upon Mount *Sion* rais'd the throne
Of mine Annointed one.

7. I will declare that firme decree,
The Lord hath ſaid to me.

Thou ar't my Son, without all ſpot,
This day I thee begot.
8. Ask me, and thine Inheritance
Ore Nations I'le advance:
Far as the earth, or Sea extends,
Are thy Poſſeſſions ends.

9. Thou with an Iron Rod ſhalt bruiſe
Such as thy pow'r refuſe.
And like a Potters Veſſell broak,
So daſh them by thy ſtroake.
10. O therefore all ye Kings that awe
The Nations with your Law;
Yee Judges of the earth be wiſe:
His Scepter not deſpiſe.

11. Serve ye the Lord with holy feare;
Rejoyce, yet rev'rence beare.
12. And kiſſe the Sonne, before his wrath
Your way conſumed hath.
For if a little that encreaſe,
Where can we ſeek for Peace?
Since they are only ſafe, and bleſt,
Whoſe hope in Him doth reſt.

PSAL. III.

1. O Lord, how faſt do they encreaſe,
Who troubled have my Peace?
They many are, who 'gainſt me riſe,
And are my enemies.
2. Many there be my Soule upbraid,
And ſay, God cannot aid.
3. But Lord! Thou art my Sheild, my Praiſe
Thou ſhalt my head up-raiſe.

4. To God my loud requeſt did cry,
Who heard my voyce from high.
5. I lay'd me downe, and roſe againe:
For He did me ſuſtaine.
6. Then though ten thouſands me invade,
I will not be afraid.
No, though with threats the furious rowt
Encompaſſe me about.

7. Ariſe, and ſave me O my God:
For with thy vengefull rod
Thou ſmit'ſt the cheek, and break'ſt the jaw
Of ſuch as hate thy Lawes.

T

8. To Thee O Lord our God alone
Belongs Salvation.
Who do'ſt Thy bleſſings evermore
Upon Thy People powre.

PSAL. IV.

1. GOd of my righteouſneſſe attend,
When my requeſts aſcend.
Thou haſt enlarg'd me in diſtreſſe,
And eas'd my heavineſſe.
2. How long O Mortals will ye ſhame
The glory of my Name?
How long will ye love vanities,
And take delight in Lies?

3. Know that the Lord elected hath
Men of unmoved faith.
He, when before His throne I cry,
Will not my ſuite deny.
4. Stand of His greatneſſe then in awe,
Nor ſinne againſt His Law.
When on your bed retir'd, and ſtill,
O meditate his will?

5. Of Righteouſneſſe the Offering
To God your maker bring:

And on the hope of His defence,
Place all your confidenc .
6. Yet ſome, who Him not underſtood,
Aske, who ſhall doe us good?
Lord let thy face, & beames divine,
On us thy ſervants ſhine.

7. Thou fill'ſt my heart with greater joyes,
Then theirs, whom plenty cloyes.
Who reape their fruits in time of peace,
whoſe Corne, and Wine encreaſe.
8. I lay mee downe, with quiet bleſt,
To take my ſleep, and reſt:
For thou, whoſe goodneſſe doth excell,
Mak'ſt me in ſafety dwell.

PSAL. V.

1. LOrd, Ponder what my words relate,
Weigh what I meditate.
2. My God and King my cry attend:
To Thee my Pray'rs I ſend.
3. My voyce O Lord ſhall in the morne
Up to thy Throne be borne.
Betimes will I direct my cry,
And looke to thee on high.

4. For thou in Sin tak'ſt no delight,
No ill dwells in thy ſight.
5. The fooliſh ſtand not in thine eye,
Who hat'ſt iniquity.
6. Thou ſhalt the lying lips deſtroy,
Who leaſing make their joy.
God will the bloody minded hate,
And puniſh all deceit.

7. But I, preſuming on Thy care,
Will to thy Houſe repaire:
And tow'rds thy Temple in thy feare,
Due adoration beare.
8. Mee Lord in righteouſneſſe diſpoſe,
Beſet with watchfull foes.
Make ſtreight thy way before my face,
And guide mee by thy grace.

9. No faithfullneſſe their mouth containes,
Their heart fowle Malice ſtaines.
Wide Sepulchres are their black throats,
Their tongues but flatt'ring notes.
10. O God deſtroy, and let them all
By their own Counſailes fall;
Themſelves by their tranſgreſſions quell,
Who 'gainſt Thy pow'r rebell.

11. But let all faithfull ones rejoyce,
And ſhowt with cheerfull voyce:

Becauſe Thy love, which knowes no end,
Doth ever them defend.
12. Let thoſe rejoyce, in Thee who truſt;
For Thou wilt bleſſe the Juſt:
And with Thy favour, as a ſheild,
In danger ſafety yeild.

PSAL. VI.

1. REbuke me not O Lord in wrath,
Whoſe ſinne deſerv'd it hath:
Nor let thy hot diſpleaſure burne,
Leaſt I to nothing turne.
2. Have pitty Lord, for I am weak,
Aſham'd my ſinnes to ſpeake.
O heale me, for my bones are vext,
My Soul with griefe perplext.

3. How long ſhall I lament, and cry,
For my delivery?
4. O turne! and me to favour take,
For thine owne mercies ſake.
5. Can he, who looſes lifes ſhort breath,
Remember Thee in death?
Or will the duſt, and ſilence raiſe
A voyce to ſound Thy praiſe?

Wear

6. Weary, and faint, my ſoule bemoanes
Her vaine and fruitleſſe groanes.
My bed the mark of ſorrow weares,
Each night bedew'd with teares.
7. My ſight is dimme, my melting eye
Clouded with miſery.
I languiſh, through my haters rage,
Into untimely age.

8. Depart from me all wicked ones;
The Lord hath heard my moanes.
My voyce of weeping, and my teares
Sound lowdly in His eares.
9. God, who my ſupplication takes,
In Pardon anſwer makes.
When their deſpight, who me defame,
Shall cover'd be with ſhame.

PSAL. VII. *Sing this as Pſalme* 51.

1. O Lord my God in thee I truſt;
Deliver mee from the unjuſt.
2. Leaſt Lyon-like my ſoule he teare,
Whilſt none is for my reskue neare.
3. Lord if this guilt upon me ſtands,
Or wickedneſſe be in my hands;

4. If friend I ill rewarded have,
Or cauſeleſſe foe I did not ſave:

5. Then let mine enemy purſue,
Let him my captive ſoule ſubdue:
Let him my life to earth down thruſt,
And lay mine honour in the duſt.

6. O Lord! in thy fierce wrath ariſe;
Take vengeance on mine enemies.

7. The people then ſhall me come nigh;
For their ſakes lift thy ſelfe on high.

8. The Lord his judgement ſhall diſpence,
According to mine innocence:

9. O let all wicked counſailes end;
But juſt men ſtabliſh, and defend.

10. For God the heart and reines doth try;
Preſerves men of integrity.

11. God doth in right his judgements lay
Yet is provoked every day.

12. If he not turne, His ſword is whet;
His bow is bent, and ready ſet.

13. The inſtruments of death He brings,
And arrowes from His quiver flings.

14. Behold he travailes great with hate,
Miſchiefe conceaves, brings forth decei

15. He made a ditch, and dig'd a Pit,
And he himſelfe is fall'n in it.

Thu

16. Thus all his practiſes revert,
To ſtrike his owne malicious heart.
His miſchiefe ſhall his own head wound;
His violence himſelfe confound.

17. I will the praiſe of God expreſſe,
According to His righteouſneſſe:
And in my Songs extoll the fame
Of His moſt high, moſt glorious Name.

PSAL. VIII.

1. LOrd! how excelling is Thy Name
Through earths extended frame!
Who haſt Thy glory ſet on high,
Above the ſtarry sky.

2. Thou didſt by infant mouthes ordaine
Renowne and ſtrength to gaine:
Whoſe weakneſſe might thy foes confound,
And the Avenger wound.

3. When I conſider, Heavens ſtate
Thy fingers did create;
The Moone, with all the Stars of night,
To which thy beams gave light:

4. O what is Man, or all his race,
Thy favour ſhould him grace?
5. Whom, made next Angels in renowne,
Thou wilt with glory crowne.

6. Thou under his command haſt layd
The workes Thy hand had made.
What in each element doth meet,
Is ſubject to his feet.

8. All ſheep, and beaſts which range the feild
The fowles which aire doth yield:
The Fiſhes, which their motion keep
Within the liquid deep.

8. O Lord our Governour, whoſe ſway
All in the world obey!
How far excelling is Thy Name
Through earths extended frame!

PSAL. IX. *Sing this as Pſalme* 51

1. I Thee will praiſe with my whole hear
And all thy wond'rous works impart
In Songs, and Hymns rejoyce will I,
2. To bleſſe Thy Name, O Thou moſt hig
Mi

Mine enemies repulſed all
Shall at Thine awfull preſence fall.
4. Thou haſt my righteous cauſe maintain'd,
Whoſe throne wrong judgement never ſtain'd.

5. At Thy rebuke the Heathens fame
Deſtroyed is, put out their name.
O thou malitious enemy,
6. Thy loath'd remembrance now muſt dy.
And like the Cities thou haſt ras'd,
Thine own Memoriall is defac'd.
7. But God for ever ſhall endure,
His throne in judgment ſtabliſh'd ſure.

8. The world Hee'll judge in righteouſneſſe;
9. A Refuge be in times diſtreſſe:
10. Who know Thy Name in Thee will truſt,
For Thou haſt never left the juſt.
11. Praiſe God, who doth in Sion dwell;
His doings to the people tell.
12. When He enquires for Blood, the Cry
Nere paſſes from His memory.

13. Have mercy on my troubled ſtate,
O Lord, who lift'ſt me from death's gate:
14. That Sion I thy praiſe may ſhew,
Whoſe joyes from thy Salvation grow.
15. Sunke to the Pit the Heathen are;
Their feet are caught in their own ſnare,

The

16. The Lord in their revenge is know'n,
Who by themſelves are overthrow'n.

17. The wicked ſhall be turn'd to hell,
And all, who God forgetting, fell.
18. For on the poore He thinkes alway,
Nor ſhall the Needies hope decay.
19. Up Lord! and let not man prevaile,
Nor let thy judgements ever faile.
20. Put them in feare; the Nations then
Will know themſelves to be but men.

PSAL. X. *Sing this as the Lamentation.*

1. WHy (Lord!) doſt Thou ſo far abide?
Thy face in times of trouble hide?
2. Proud men the helpleſſe perſecute;
But let them fall in the purſuit.
3. He boaſteth in his own deſires,
And wretches, whom God hates, admires.
4. Through pride of heart he God neglects,
Whom he nor thinkes on, nor affects.

5. His grievous wayes Thy judgments ſlight;
His thoughts do feare no oppoſite.

6. He

6. He ſaid, I never ſhall be mov'd,
Nor by adverſity be prov'd.
7. His mouth deceit and curſes fill;
Whilſt miſchiefes from his tongue diſtill.
8. He lurkes to kill the innocent;
His eyes againſt the poore are bent.

9. He as a Lyon lyes in wait
To catch the guiltleſſe through deceit.
10. With humble ſhewes he doth aſſay
To make the poore his ſtrong ones prey.
11. His heart hath ſaid, God hath forgot:
He hides His face, and ſeeth not.
12. O God, lift up thy ſelfe, ariſe,
And think upon our miſeries.

13. Why doth his pride, and ſcorn ſurmount?
As if that God kept no account;
Nor will his wicked workes require,
Or in His judgements pay their hire.
14. Lord! Thou haſt ſeen his impious ſpight,
Whoſe hand their follies can requite.
He truſts on Thee, whom woes oppreſſe,
Who ſtill do'ſt help the fatherleſſe.

15. Break Thou their wicked arme at length,
And let them periſh by Thy ſtrength.
16. Thou canſt, O Lord, Eternall King,
The Heathen to deſtruction bring.

17. Thou

17. Thou hear'ſt Thy ſervants humble plaint;
Prepar'ſt their heart, art ſwift to grant:
18. To judge the poore and fatherleſſe,
That men of earth no more oppreſſe.

PSAL. XI.

1. IN God I put my truſt: How then
Do yee reproachfull men
Say, To the mountaines flie my ſoule,
Like to the chaſed fowle?
2. For lo, the wicked bend their bow,
Their deadly ſhafts to throw;
That privily in darkneſſe they
Th' upright in heart may ſlay.

3. If the foundations periſh ſo,
What can the righteous do?
4. But in His Temple God reſides,
Whoſe throne in Heaven abides.
He all beholds with ſearching eye,
The Sons of men to try.
The Lord His righteous ſervants proves;
Hates him oppreſſion loves.

He ſnares, with fire and brimſtone ſhowres,
Upon the wicked powres:

Black

Black tempeſts are by Him rais'd up,
The portion of their cup.
7. For the juſt God doth thoſe reſpect
Who righteouſnes affect.
His countenance, and favour bright
Beholdeth the upright.

PSAL: XII.

1. HElpe Lord, for godly men decreaſe;
Goodneſſe on earth doth ceaſe:
And, like all other Mortals fraile,
The faithfull Perſons faile.
2. Each to his neighbour vainly ſpeakes,
And to deceive him ſeekes:
With fratt'ring Lips, and double hearts,
They uſe deceitfull arts.

3. God ſhall cut off their guile-full tongues,
Puft up with pride and wrongs:
4. Who ſay, Our words their ends ſhall gaine:
What Lord can us reſtraine?
5. But for th'oppreſſions of the poore,
Whoſe ſighes their want deplore;
Now, ſaith the Lord, will I ariſe
To eaſe their miſeries.

6. The

6. The words, which from the Lord we heare
Are pure, and moſt ſincere:
As Silver in the fornace try'd,
And ſev'n times purifi'd.
7. Thou ſhalt, O Lord, keep Thine Elect,
And from this race protect.
8. The wicked live eſteem'd, and prais'd,
When vileſt men are rais'd.

PSAL. XIII.

1. HOw long Lord! Wilt Thou me forget
Who am with woes beſet.
Shall I ſtill languiſh in diſgrace,
Whil'ſt Thou doſt hide thy Face?
2. How long ſhall I without reliefe
Take counſaile of my griefe?
How long wilt Thou my ſoule expoſe
To hir inſulting foes?

3. Conſider, Lord! my Prayer heare,
When I my hands up-reare.
Lighten mine eyes, ere loſſe of breath
Cauſe me to ſleep in death.
4. Leſt that mine enemy prevaile,
Triumphing when I faile:

And thoſe that trouble me be glad,
When they behold me ſad.

5. But in thy Mercy, Lord, and Grace,
My conſtant truſt I place.
My glad heart ſhall rejoyce alone
In thy ſalvation.
6. I will my gratefull Anthems ſing
Unto the Heavenly King;
Who with ſuch bountifull regard
His ſervants doth reward.

PSAL. XIV. *Sing this as Pſalme* 100.

1. THe fool within his heart hath ſaid,
There is no God that all things made;
Corrupt and wicked are their facts;
Nor is there one who goodneſſe acts.

2. The Lord from Heaven downe did looke,
And view of all mans children tooke:
To ſee if any knowledge ſought,
Or upon God would place his thought.

3. But all of them are gone aſide,
And in their filthineſſe abide:

Throughout

Throughout their numbers there is no
That good performeth; No, not one.

4. Do then all knowledge thus defy
Thoſe workers of iniquity?
Who eat my people up as bread,
And never God have worſhipped.

5. Affrighted they, and ſtricken were
With great amaze, and ſudden feare.
For God amongſt the righteous race
Is ever preſent by His Grace.

6. The poore mans counſaile, and his fa
Your ſhameleſſe malice mocked hath;
Becauſe he God his refuge makes,
And ſure protection from Him takes.

7. O who, that Iſraël may live,
Salvation will from Sion give?
When God ſhall His from bondage free
Then *Iacobs* race ſhall joyfull bee.

PSAL. XV.

1. LOrd! who ſhall in thy dwelling bid
Or on Thy Hill reſide?

2. Ev'n he whoſe life, and deeds are right;
Whoſe words in truth delight.

3. He who reviles not with his tongue,
Nor doth his neighbour wrong:
Who none with ſlanders doth backbite,
Or undeſerved ſpight.

4. Who in his pure, impartiall eyes
Vile perſons doth deſpiſe:
But love and honour doth afford
To them that feare the Lord.

5. Whoſe mind not alters, if he ſweare,
Though he a looſer were:
6. Nor by extortion wealth contracts,
Nor lawleſſe uſe exacts.

Nor to betray the innocent
For wicked bribes is bent.
Who ſo doth this, ſhall never move
Out of his Makers love.

PSAL. XVI.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

PReſerve O God, and ſuccour mee,
Who put my faithfull truſt in Thee.

2. Thou

2. Thou O my Soule to Him haſt ſaid,
Thou ar't my Lord and only aid.
To Thee my goodnes not extends,
No merit nor perfection lends.
3. But my delight on Saints is plac'd,
By moſt excelling vertues grac'd.

4. Their ſorrowes ſhall be multiply'd,
Who have on other Gods rely'd:
To Theſe I no burnt offering,
Nor bloody ſacrifice will bring;
Of them I neither mention make,
Nor in my lips their Names will take.
5. Thou only, Who my portion ar't,
Shalt have the duties of my heart.

God fills my Cup, and doth advance
The lot of mine inheritance:
6. My lines in pleaſant places lay'd
A wealthy heritage have made.
7. Thee therefore will I ever bleſs,
Who gav'ſt me counſell in diſtreſs,
And by Thy warnings do'ſt invite
My reines to ſerve Thee in the night.

8. I ſet the Lord before mine ey,
And hold Him in my memory;
Whil'ſt He aſſiſts at my right hand,
I ſtedfaſt and unmoved ſtand.

9. I

This glads my heart, my Glory ſhall
Rejoyce, how low ſo ere I fall:
And in the grave my fleſh ſhall reſt,
With hope to Riſe againe poſſeſt.

Thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell
Eternally condemn'd to dwell;
Nor ſuffereſt Thy Holy one
In death to ſee corruption.
Thou wilt the path of Life declare,
At whoſe Right Hand and Preſence are
Such pleaſures which no time ſhall end,
And joyes no thought can comprehend.

PSAL. XVII.

LOrd heare the right, my cry attend;
My pray'r, which lips unfeigned ſend:
Judge me, and with impartiall eye
Behold my cauſes equity.
Thou prov'ſt my heart, and in the night
Viſit'ſt, and try'ſt, and find'ſt me right.
I in my purpos'd thoughts profeſſe,
That never ſhall my mouth tranſgreſſe.

4. Thy

4. Thy word hath kept me from mens wor
And pathes where the deſtroyer lurkes.
5. Hold up my goings in thy way,
That ſo my footſteps never ſtray.
6. I call'd on thee, who ar't inclin'd
My voyce to heare, my ſpeech to mind.
7. O ſhew thy kindnes, thou, whoſe hand
Sav'ſt them that truſt, when foes wi
(ſtan
8. Keep as the Apple of the eye,
And by Thee ſhadow'd let me lye:
9. From wicked men, and deadly foes,
Whoſe ſtrong oppreſſions me encloſe.
10. For they with fatnes ſwoll'n, and pri
11. Have compaſs'd us, and cloſely ey'd:
12. Like Lions greedy of their prey,
Or Lions whelps, they lurking lay.

13. Ariſe O Lord, and in thy frowne,
Both diſappoint, and caſt him downe.
Deliv'rance to my ſoul afford
From wicked men, who are thy ſword:
14. From men, I ſay, who are thy hand,
To puniſh ſinners in the land:
Whom pleaſures of the world enſlave
And in this life their portion have.

Thou giv'ſt them treaſure at their will,
Their belly do'ſt with plenty fill:

W

Who full of Children at their death
Their ſubſtance to their race bequeath.
15. But I behold Thy glorious ſight
And preſence will in endleſſe light;
And wak'd from death, with thee abide,
With Thy bleſt likeneſſe ſatisfi'd.

PSAL. XVIII. *Sing this as Pſalme* 51.

1. I Thee will love, O Lord my pow'r;
Thou art my fortreſſe, rock, and tow'r:
2. My God, my truſt, my confidence;
My horne of ſafety, and defence.
3. To God moſt prais'd I ſend my Cries,
Who ſaves me from mine enemies:
4. When pangs of circling death prevail'd,
And floods of wicked men aſſail'd.

5. I compaſs'd am with paines of Hell;
The ſnares of death about me dwell.
6. To God I cry'd, diſtreſt and griev'd;
Who from His Temple me reliev'd.
7. The earth then trembled at His wrath,
Which Hir foundations ſhaken hath.
8. A ſmoake from out His noſtrills came,
And from His mouth devouring flame.

9. He bow'd the Heavens, and came downe;
Beneath His feet was darkneſſe throw'n:
10. On flying Cherubs He did ride;
11. On wings of Wind through Heaven glide.
Thick darkneſſe His Pavilion made;
And watry Clouds the sky orelay'd.
12. Yet at His brightneſſe thoſe gave place
Whilſt haile and fire powr'd down a
(pace
13 His voyce was heard in thunders loud;
And coales fell from the breaking Cloud
14. His ſhafts diſpers'd them, as they flew,
Their force His darted lightnings ſlew.
15. The Oceans Chanell did appear;
The world's foundations naked were
At Thy rebuke, O Lord, and blaſt,
Which Thy incenſed Noſtrills caſt.

16. He me from many waters tooke,
17. My too ſtrong foes with vengeance ſtroo
18. They me in day of trouble ſeiz'd;
But God my ſtay thoſe ſorrowes eas'd.
19. He brought me to a ſpacious place,
Deliv'ring me through His free grace
20. He did my righteouſneſſe regard,
And cleanneſſe of my hands reward.

21. For I the wayes of God have kept;
Nor wickedly His precepts left.

24. H

22. His judgments I, and ſtatutes, prize;
Still placing them before my eyes.
23. I perfect was, and innocent;
Nor to ungodly courſes bent;
24. Therefore as guiltleſſe, and upright,
I am rewarded in His ſight.

Second Part.

25. Thou to the mercifull art kind;
26. And pure, where Thou doſt pureneſſe find.
27. But with the froward art perverſe;
Doſt ſave the poor, the proud diſperſe.
28. For thou my candle wilt make bright,
And turne my darkneſſe into light.
29. By Thee I made a Troop to fall; (wall.
And through my God leap'd ore a

30. God's way is perfect, His word try'd
Doth as a ſhield the faithfull hide.
31. Who can like Him a Saviour be?
Or who a Rock to us, but He?
32. Tis God that girdeth me with might,
And keepes me in my wayes upright:
33. My feet, like Hind's, He maketh ſwift,
And to high places doth me lift.

34. Tis He doth teach my hands to warre;
Steel bowes by them now broken are.
35. Thou waſt my ſhield, Thy hand ſuſtain'd:
I through Thy favour greatneſſe gain'd:

36. My feet enlarged have not fail'd;
37. 'Gainſt foes purſuit my hands prevail'
38. Whoſe pride now quite confounded lie
Wounded and fall'n, no more to riſe.

39. Thou girdeſt me with ſtrength for fight,
And haſt ſubdu'd the rebells might:
40. Their captive necks below me bend,
And in deſerv'd deſtruction end.
41. They cry'd for ſafety, 'midſt their fear
But God nor help them would, nor hea
42. Like duſt blow'n up, ſo did I beat,
And tread them downe in their retreat

43. From mutiny, and peoples ſtrife
O Lord, Thou reſku'd haſt my life.
My head ore Nations Thou doſt crown
Thoſe ſerve me, whom I have not know
44. Soone as they heare, they me obay;
And ſtrangers ſtoop unto my ſway.
45. The aliens away ſhall fade,
And their cloſe places leave diſmai'

46. Bleſt be my Rock, who ever lives;
Exalt Him, who Salvation gives.
47. Tis God whoſe vengeance doth purſue
And people under me ſubdue.
48. He ſaves me from mine enemies,
And lifts me up 'bove thoſe that riſ

He is my reskue, my defence,
From men of blood and violence.

49. Therefore will I to Thee O Lord,
My thanks Eternally record:
Amongſt the Heathen ſpeake Thy fame,
And praiſes ſing unto Thy Name.
50. He great deliverance doth bring,
In love to His annointed King:
His mercies doth on *David* powre,
And on his ſeed, for evermore.

PSAL. XIX.

1. THe Heavens high declare the fame
Of God, who did them frame.
2. One day another tels, and night
His wonders doth recite.

3. They have no language, yet they teach,
Without or tongue, or ſpeech:
4. And through the earth their ſound is gone
To every Nation.

God in the Circle of thoſe ſpheares
A Tabernacle reares;

In which the ſwift, unweary'd Sun
His daily courſe may run.

5. Who, as a Bridegroome freſhly deckt,
Doth on the world reflect:
And, as a Giant ſtrong in might,
Darts forth his piercing light.

6. He breaking from the Eaſterne skies
Doth from his Chambers riſe:
And till his beames declining ſet,
Nothing can ſhun his heat.

7. Gods Law is incorrupt, and whole;
Converting every Soule.
His faithfull promiſe never dies;
And makes the ſimple wiſe.

8. The Statutes of the Lord are right,
And drooping hearts delight.
Both pure, and perfect, His command
Gives light to underſtand.

9. Moſt unpolluted is His feare,
Eternall, and ſincere.
The judgments of the Lord are fixt;
With Truth and Juſtice mixt.

10. More to be wiſh'd then golden mines,
When them the teſt refines:

And more then hony that diſtills,
The mouth with ſweetneſſe fills.

11. By Theſe Thy ſervant warned is,
Oft as he goes amiſſe :
Which yeeld a plentifull reward
To all that Them regard.

12. Who knowes how often he offends ?
How far his ſin extends ?
Lord cleanſe my Soule from crimes conceal'd,
To none but Thee reveal'd.

13. Keep me, that no preſumptuous ſtaine
May ore Thy Servant reigne.
Then ſhall I walke in innocence,
Free from the great offence.

14. O Lord ! my only ſtrength and tow'r,
Who ſav'ſt me by Thy pow'r ;
Let all my words, and thoughts, by Thee
Heard, and accepted be.

PSAL. XX.

1. THe Lord in thy afflictions day
Give eare when thou doſt pray.

The Name of *Iacob's* God defend,
On whom thy hopes depend.

2. Help from His Sanctuary ſend,
And ſtrength from *Sion* lend.
3. Thy Gifts in His remembrance prize;
Accept thy ſacrifice.

4 May He, who comforts doth inſpire,
Grant thee thy heart's deſire:
Make thee enjoy thy wiſhes ſtill;
Thy counſailes all fulfill.

5. With thankfull and triumphant voyce
We in Thy help rejoyce:
And in Thy Name our banners reare,
Who wilt thy ſervants heare.

6. Now know I, God, who power gave,
Doth His Annointed ſave.
He heares from Heav'n, and His right hand
Makes him in ſafety ſtand.

7. Some in their armed Chariots force,
Some put their truſt in horſe:
But we remember will the Lord,
Whoſe Name doth ſtrength afford.

8. They are brought down, and fall'n in wa
We rays'd in triumph are. 9.

9. O ſave us Lord, great Heavens King,
Heare thoſe requeſts we bring.

PSAL. XXI.

1. THe King ſhall in Thy ſtrength be glad;
Through Thee with ſafety clad.
2. Thou gav'ſt him all his heart deſir'd,
And what his lips requir'd.

3. Thou didſt no good from him withhold;
Crownd'ſt him with pureſt gold.
4. He asked life, and Thou didſt give
Him endleſſe dayes to live.

5. Great Majeſty doth him inveſt,
Through Thy Salvation bleſt.
6. Thou giv'ſt him joy, and laſting grace,
The favour of Thy face.

7. The King on God his truſt hath plac't,
Whoſe Mercy keeps Him faſt:
8. Thy right hand all Thy foes ſhall find,
Whoſe hate 'gainſt Thee combin'd.

9. Thy wrath ſhall thoſe, who Thee forſake,
A fiery Oven make.

The Lord ſhall ſwallow them in ire,
By His revenges fire.

10. Their fruit ſhalt Thou deſtroy from earth,
Root out their childrens birth;
11. For they 'gainſt Thee did ill invent,
Though fayl'd in their intent.

12. When at their face Thine arrowes aime,
They turn their back with ſhame,
13. O Lord! Thy ſtrength and glory raiſe;
So we Thy pow'r will praiſe.

PSAL. XXII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. MY God, My God upon me look;
O wherefore haſt Thou me forſook?
Why help'ſt Thou not, when I implore?
Nor hear'ſt, when I through anguiſh roare?
2 O God by day to Thee I cry;
But Thou Thy audience doſt deny:
And in the night, when I ſhould ſleep,
My ſorrowes will not ſilence keep.

3. But Thou in Holineſſe doſt dwell,
O Thou the praiſe of Iſrael!

4. Ou

4. Our Fathers plac'd their truſt in Thee;
And Thy deliverance ſet them free. (feare,
5. They cry'd to Thee, ſurpriz'd with
And from Confuſion ſaved were.
6. But I a worme, and no man am;
Reproach of men, and peoples ſhame.

7 Beholders Me their paſtime make,
Shoot out their lip, their head they ſhake.
8. He truſted God, that He would ſave:
See, if from him he ſafety have. (womb;
9. But Thou didſt take me from the
And ever ſince my hope become.
10. On Thee, when on the breaſt I hung,
And from the birth, my care was
(ſtung.
11. When trouble's neare, O be not far:
Since left to me no helpers are.
12. For many bulls with bellowing ſound,
Strong bulls of *Baſhan* girt me round.
13. They gape like Lions Me about;
14. I am like water powred out.
My bones disjoynted torture crackes;
My heart within me melts like Waxe.

15 My ſtrength is like a Pot-ſheard dry'd;
My tongue up to my Palate ty'd.
16. Thou brought'ſt me down unto the grave:
For dogs my life encompaſt have.

Aſſemblies

Assemblies of the wicked meet;
They pierced have my hands and feet:
17. My bones stick out, consum'd and bare;
Whil'st they remorseleſſe on me stare.

18. They now to part my garments hast,
And Lots upon my vesture cast.
19. But be not far from me, O Lord;
20. My soule deliver from the sword.
21 My darling save from rav'ning jawes
Of dogs, and from the Lions pawes.
For thou hast heard me from the hornes
Of fierce assayling Unicornes.

22. I to my brethren will proclaime
The Praises due to Thy great Name.
23. Yee that fear God, all *Iacobs* line,
And *Israëls* seed in Prayses joyne.
24. Th' afflicted He did nere despise;
Nor hid His face, but heard their cries.
25. My praise, and vowes devout to Thee
Shall in thy Church performed be.

26 He to the meeke will plenty give:
The hearts, that seek Him, ever live.
27. Far as the world extends it's bound,
Religious Converts shall be found.
They shall remember, and implore;
And ev'ry Kindred Him adore.

28. For

For God's the Kingdome is, whose sway
All Nations of the Earth obay.

29. The rich, who on Earth's fatnesse feed;
Ev'n to the Soule that dies for need;
All from the throne unto the dust,
Before Him bow, and worship must.
30. All these shall serve Him in their seed,
And sons to God adopted breed:
31. Who to succession shall proclaime
His righteousnesse, and awfull Name.

PSAL. XXIII.

1. THe Lord my Shepheard is, and guide;
I shall no want abide.
2. He makes me lye in fruitfull meads,
And by stil waters leads.

3. My Soule to danger given ore
He doth againe restore;
And guides me in the righteous path
His Name elected hath.

4. Yea though in vale of darknesse lay'd,
Or death's more ghastly shade,

I feare

I feare no ill: Thy rod, and ſtaffe
Direct, and keep me ſafe.

5. Thou doſt for me a plenteous fare
Before my foes prepare.
Thou doſt with oyle annoint my head;
My flowing Cup doth ſhed.

6. Thy mercy ſure ſhall me attend,
Untill my Life doth end:
And in the Houſe of God will I
Remaine Eternally.

PSAL: XXIV.

1. EArth is the Lords, with hir encreaſe;
And all that there have place.
2. He founded it upon the Seas,
And made the floods hir baſe.

3. Who in God's Holy Place ſhall ſtand;
Or on His Hill appeare?
4. He, who is pure in Heart, and hand;
Nor to deceive doth ſweare.

5. He bleſſings ſhall from God receive,
And righteouſneſſe from high.

6. Thi

6. This is their race, who God believe,
And to His ſight are nigh.

7. Lift up yee Gates, lift up your head,
Yee Doores Eternall ſpread:
The King of Glory ſhall come in;
And his approach begin.

8. Who is the Great, and Glorious King,
Of whom our Praiſes ſing?
The Lord in Battaile mighty, This
The King of Glory is.

9. Lift up yee Gates, lift up your Head,
Yee Doores Eternall ſpread.
The King of Glory ſhall come in,
And his approach begin.

10. Who is the Great, and Glorious King,
Of whom our Praiſes ſing?
The Lord in Battell mighty, This
The King of Glory is.

PSAL. XXV.

1. WIth Thoughts lift up to Thee
O God my Soule doth flee.

2. To ſhame O never me expoſe;
Nor triumph of my foes.

3. Let thoſe be free from ſhame,
Who wait upon Thy Name;
But let them feele it, who Thy Lawes
Tranſgreſſe without a cauſe.

4. Thy wayes unto me ſhew;
Teach me Thy truth to know.
5. Thon art the God do'ſt me defend;
On Thee I ſtill depend.

6. Thinke on Thy mercies Lord!
Thy ancient love record.
7. Remember not my ſins of youth;
But ſave me in Thy truth.

8. Good is the Lord: His ways
To ſinners He diſplaies.
9. The meek He will in judgment guide,
Who in His precepts bide.

10. His paths with truth abound;
Great mercies there are found:
Which He unto all ſuch doth grant,
Who keep his Covenant.

11. O for Thy Names ſake Lord,
Pardon to me afford!

nd with my heinous crime diſpenſe;
For great is mine offence.

12. To him that feares, He ſhewes
The way which he ſhall chuſe;
13. His Soule ſhall dwell at eaſe; his race
Shall long on earth have place.

14. To them who God do feare,
His ſecret ſhall appeare.
He will His Covenant declare
To ſuch as faithfull are.

15. Mine eyes on God are ſet,
Who plucks me from the net.
16. O Lord to we in mercy turne,
Afflicted, & forlorne.

17. My heart's diſtreſſe is large:
O Thou my woes diſcharge.
18. Looke on the paine wherein I live,
And all my ſins forgive.

19. Thinke on my many foes,
Whoſe hate moſt cruell growes.
20. O keep my ſoule from ſcandall free,
Who put my truſt in Thee.

21. Let Juſtice me defend,
Who on Thy grace attend.

22. Thy Iſraël O God releaſe,
And all his troubles eaſe.

PSAL. XXVI.

1. IUdge me (O God,) for in Thy path
My foot inſiſted hath.
My truſt hath on Thee Lord rely'd;
Therefore I ſhall not ſlide.

2. Examine me (O Lord,) and try;
My reines and heart deſcry.
3. Thy mercy ſtill is in my ſight;
Thy truth hath kept me right.

4. I have not with vaine perſons ſate,
Or thoſe that uſe deceit:
5. Ill congregations I deteſt;
Nor am the ſinners gueſt.

6. In innocence Ile waſh my hand;
So at Thine Altar ſtand:
7. That I may publiſh in my Song
What thankes to Thee belong.

8 O Lord! devoutly I affect
The Houſe Thou doſt Elect. I Lo

I Love the honour of that Place
Thy preſence deignes to grace.

9. Shut not my ſoule, nor judge my life,
With men of blood and ſtrife:
10. Whoſe arme it ſelfe in miſchiefe lifts;
Whoſe hand is fill'd with gifts.

11. In mine integrity I goe;
Save me, and mercy ſhow.
12. So will I Praiſe Thee, when my feet
Within Thy Temple meet.

PSAL. XXVII.

Sing this as Pſalme 51.

1. GOd my Salvation is, and Light:
What terrour then ſhall me affright?
My life's ſole ſtrength He is, and aid.
Of whom then ſhall I be afraid?
2. When wicked men, mine enemies,
Conſpiring did againſt me riſe;
When they approach'd my fleſh to eat,
They ſtumbling fell in their retreat.

3. Although an hoſt encamped were;
My heart their numbers ſhall not feare.

And

And though a War againſt me riſe,
My confidence ſhall them deſpiſe.

4. One thing of God I have deſir'd;
That I, unto His Houſe retir'd, (old
Might ſpend my dayes, & there grow
His Temples beauty to behold.

5. For He, when times of trouble threat,
Will me in his Pavilion ſeat;
Within His Tabernacle hide,
And ſafety on a rock provide.

6. And now my head up-lifted ſhall
Behold my foes encircling fall:
Therefore glad Songs, and ſacrifice,
With praiſes to Thy throne ſhall riſe.

7. Heare, (O my Lord,) and when I cry,
In mercy to my voyce reply.

8. When Thou command'ſt: Seek ye my face
My heart O Lord, I ſeek Thee, ſaies.

9 Hide not Thy face from me in ire;
Nor leave me helpleſſe, I deſire:

10. Who, when my Parents me forſake,
Wilt me unto Thy favour take.

11. Teach me, O Lord Thy wayes to tread;
In pathes of truth and plainneſſe lead.

12. Nor leave me to their cruell will,
Who raiſe falſe witneſſe, me to kill.

13.

13. I fainted had, but for beleife,
In endleſſe life to find releife.
Wait on the Lord, of courage be;
O wait on Him, will ſtrengthen Thee.

PSAL. XXVIII.

1. TO Thee (O Lord) my Rock, I cry;
Forbeare not to reply:
Leaſt I be, if Thou ſilence keep,
Like thoſe in death that ſleep.

2. Heare Thou the voyce of my requeſt,
In accents lowd expreſt:
When I with lifted hands entreat
Before thy Mercy ſeat.

3. O draw me not with ſinners hence,
Whoſe works are Thy offence: (wreake,
Who when their hearts would miſchiefe
Peace to their neighbour ſpeake.

4. Give them according to their deeds,
And wicked labours ſeeds:
And in the workes they did invent,
Render their puniſhment.

5. Becauſe

5. Becauſe Gods works they ſet at nought,
And what His hand hath wrought;
He caſt them to deſtruction ſhall;
Nor build them when they fall.

6. Bleſſed be God, who when I pray'd,
Became my ſhield, and aid.
7. Therefore my heart in Songs of Praiſe
With joy His fame ſhall raiſe.

8. He His Annointed doth defend;
Strength to His Servants ſend.
9. Thy people ſave; Thine Heritance
To endleſſe bliſſe advance.

PSAL. XXIX.

1. YEe Mighty in your Race, and Tribe,
Glory to God aſcribe.
2. In beauty of His holineſſe
His Name adore and bleſſe.

3. The Lord by His commanding voyce
Brings downe the Waters noyſe.
The Glorious God the Thunder makes,
Which earth's foundation ſhakes.

4. H

He rules the Sea with pow'r from high,
Dreadfull in Majeſty.
His voyce, when He in fury ſpeakes,
The lofty Cedars breaks.

Like ſporting Calves the Mountaines skip;
Great *Lebanon* doth leap:
d *Syrion*, by his Motion borne,
Like a young Unicorne.

His voyce the flames of fire divides,
From clouds when Lightning glides.
At His rebuke the deſart quakes,
And barren *Kadeſh* ſhakes.

Bring forth He makes the frighted Hinds;
Rends forreſts with His Winds.
d all His glory muſt declare,
Who in His Temple are.

God ſits above the Watry maine;
Doth King for ever reigne.
He will His peoples ſtrength encreaſe,
And bleſſe them long with peace.

PSAL. XXX. *Sing this as the Lamentation.*

1 O Lord, I Thee will magnifie;
For Thou haſt lifted me on high:
Nor madeſt me a ſcorne to thoſe,
Who were my lifes profeſſed foes.

2. O Lord my God, I cry'd to Thee,
Who haſt in mercy healed me. (gr
My Soule Thou brought teſt from the
And from the pit of Hell didſt ſave.

4. O all ye Saints your voyces raiſe
To ſing your Makers endleſſe praiſe:
Remember ſtill with thankes to bleſſe,
And magnifie His Holineſſe.

5. For but a Moment laſts His wrath,
His favour life reſtored hath.
Our weeping may endure a night,
But joy comes with the morning lig

6. In my proſperity I ſaid,
My baſes are for ever lay'd:
I ſhall not from my place remove,
But ſtand ſupported by Thy love.

7.

No change of times, or fortunes hate
Can overthrow my happy ſtate:
For thou my Mountaine mad'ſt ſo ſtrong,
I ſhall on earth continue long.

t, whilſt exalted in my thought,
as to ſuddaine trouble brought:
d ſoon as Thou didſt hide Thy face,
comforts vaniſh'd hence apace.
Then unto Thee, O Lord, did I
With humble ſupplication cry.
I did to God my plaint addreſſe,
Thus powring forth my heavineſſe.

O Thou moſt Glorious, moſt Good,
What profit is there in my blood?
What triumph canſt Thou gaine by it,
When I goe downe into the pit?
Shall ſilent duſt, or darkneſſe have
A tongue to praiſe Thee in the grave?
Or thoſe, in earth who cloſed are,
From their low Cells Thy truth declare?

O Lord Thine eare of mercy lend,
And from Thy dwelling ſuccour ſend.
For Thou the cauſe, for which I mourn'd,
Haſt into Songs and Dances turn'd.
My Sack-cloath Thou didſt off me take,
And cheerfull robes of gladneſſe make:

12. That I Thy praiſes might renew;
To whom inceſſant thankes are due.

PSAL. XXXI.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. IN Thee O Lord I put my truſt:
Save me from ſhame, as Thou art juſt.
2. Bow downe Thy gratious eare with ſpee
Be Thou my ſtrong defence at need.
3. For Thou, my Rock, do'ſt me protect
O for Thy Names ſake me direct!
4. Pull me from out the dang'rous net
Which they for me have cloſely ſet.

5. My ſpirit I to Thee commit,
For Thou, O God, did'ſt purchaſe it.
6. I hate all thoſe, love vanities;
But on the Lord my truſt relies.
7. I joy in Thy compaſſion ſhow'n,
Who haſt my Soule in trouble know'
8. Thou didſt from hoſtile hands diſcha
To liberty my feet enlarge.

9. Have mercy (Lord) and ſend reliefe;
Mine eye, and ſoule both waſt with gri
10. Thro

Through ſin I ſigh away my dayes:
My bones conſume, my ſtrength decayes.
My foes reproach, my neighbours fright
I am; whilſt friends avoid my ſight.
Like to the dead, I ſit forgot,
And uſeleſſe, as a broken pot.

For I their ſlander heard, and ſtrife,
Who counſaile took againſt my life.
But (Lord!) my truſt in Thee is lay'd;
Thou art my God, my help, I ſaid.
My fleeting times are in Thy hand,
Whoſe ſhort-liv'd date by Thee is ſpan'd.
Me never to the pow'r expoſe,
Or hand, of perſecuting foes.

On me O let Thy favour ſhine:
To ſave me through Thy grace incline.
Thy ſervant let no ſhame befall,
Who daily on Thy Name doth call.
Let wicked men confuſion have,
Put downe to ſilence in the grave.
And ſhut the lying lips, that uſe
The juſt by ſlanders to traduce.

how great goodneſſe haſt thou wrought,
thoſe thee fear, whoſe faith thee ſought?
hem ſhalt Thou in Thy preſence hide,
ſafe from mens inſulting pride.

And from the tongues malitious str
As in a tow'r, defend their life.
21. Bleſſed be God, whoſe love endures
Whoſe ſtrong protection me ſecures.

22. I ſaid, though in my haſt unwiſe,
I am cut off before Thine eyes.
Yet haſt Thou not my ſuit deny'd,
When in my Pray'r to Thee I cry'd.
23 O Love the Lord, who His regards;
And with revenge the proud reward
24. Be bold, ſince He ſuch grace imparts
To ſtrengthen both your hopes, & he

PSAL. XXXII.

1. BLeſſed is he, whoſe wickedneſſe
To pardon finds acceſſe:
Whoſe ſin, with all he did amiſſe,
Forgot, and cover'd is.

2. Bleſt is the man, to whom The Lord
Imputes no crime abhord:
Whoſe ſpirit right, whoſe heart is ſtreig
And harbours no deceit.

3.

When I my tongue from ſpeech refrain'd,
I was with anguiſh pain'd.
bones wax't old through diſcontent:
My dayes in moanes were ſpent.

Thy hand upon me heavy lay;
Not reſting night or day.
Moiſture was to nothing brought,
Like fields in Summers drought.

Then I to Thee my ſin reveal'd,
And no offence conceal'd.
d, ſoon as my confeſſion ſaid,
My peace with Thee was made.

For this to Thee ſhall prayer ſound,
What time Thou may'ſt be found.
r ſhall the floods, which higheſt goe,
Thy ſervants overflow.

Thou art a refuge me to hide
From dangers troubled tide:
h Songs of Thy delivery
ſhall encompaſſ ly.

I will enforme thy life, and teach,
low thou this bliſſe ſhalt reach:
I with mine eye I thee will guide,
eaſt thou ſhould'ſt tread aſide.

9. Be ye not like the horſe, or mule,
Whom reaſon cannot rule:
Whoſe ſtubborne mouths the bit, and re
From fury muſt reſtreine.

10. Great plagues, and paines that never
For wicked men attend.
But thoſe, in God their truſt who place,
Sure mercies ſhall embrace.

Be glad ye righteous, and rejoyce,
Who make the Lord your choice.
With ſhouts alowd your joy impart
All ye upright in heart.

PSAL. XXXIII.

1. YEe righteous in the Lord delight;
For praiſe becomes th'upright.
2. Let Harpe and Pſaltery's conſent,
The ten-ſtring'd inſtrument,
3. New Songs record unto the voyce
With their melodious noiſe.
4. For juſt Gods promiſe is to you;
And all His workes are true.

5. He righteouſneſſe and judgment wills
All earth his goodneſſe fills. 6.

The Heav'ns bright hoſt, and all beneath
He formed with His breath.
He doth the waters of the deep
Heap'd in His ſtore-houſe keep.
Let men, and all which earth doth beare,
Of Him then ſtand in feare.

He ſpake, and at His free commands
The world unmoved ſtands.
Mens counſailes and deviſes wrought
The Lord will bring to nought.
Yet through all ages His decree,
And thoughts unchanged be.
Bleſt is the People He protects,
And for His Lot elects.

The Lord from Heav'n, His dwelling (place,
Beheld all humane race; (thought,
Their hearts He faſhion'd; whoſe each
And worke to light is brought.
No King is ſav'd by multitude;
Nor man with might endu'd.
As vaine for ſafety is the horſe,
To reskue by his force.

Who feare, and on Gods love relye,
Are ever in his Eye;
Their Soule to reskue from the grave,
And life from famine ſave.

20. Our ſoule doth wait for God our ſheild;
21. Glad hopes on Him we build.
22. Lord let Thy mercy on us be,
As we beleive in Thee.

PSAL. XXXIV.

1. I Will at all times bleſſe the Lord;
His praiſes ſtill record;
2 And whilſt my ſoule of God makes choi
The humble ſhall rejoyce.
3. The Lord with me O magnifie;
Exalt His Name on high;
I ſought Him, who my prayer heard,
And ſav'd from all I fear'd.

5. They look'd to Him, and light'ned were
No ſhame their faces beare:
6. For God did at the poor man's cry,
Relieve his miſery.
7. His Angell thoſe environs round,
Who in His fear are ſound.
8. O taſt, and ſee how good is Hee
To ſuch as faithfull be.

9. O fear the Lord, yee Saints of His;
For ſuch no bleſſings miſſe.

10. You

. Young Lions often lacking prey,
With hunger pine away.
t thoſe that ſeek His Covenant
No good thing ever want,
. Come children, hearken to my ſpeech;
I you His feare will teach.

. What man is he, long life doth crave;
Or happy dayes would have?
. Keep thou thy tongue from wicked wile,
Thy lips from ſpeaking guile.
. Depart from ill, in good encreaſe;
Purſue, and ſeek for peace.
. For on the juſt God caſts His eyes,
His eares admit their cryes.

Againſt the bad He ſets his face,
To cut them from their place.
The righteous cry, and God attends;
n trouble ſafety ſends.
He doth in broken hearts delight,
And ſaveth ſoules contrite.
Great troubles on the righteous fall,
But He releives in all.

He keeps the number of each bone;
Nor broken ſhall be one.
Tranſgreſſors their own miſcheifs ſlay,
nd with juſt vengeance pay.

All ſuch as doe the righteous hate,
Shall ſoone be deſolate.
22. For God His ſervants ſoules redeems,
And deare their faith eſteems.

PSAL. XXXV. *As Pſalme* 51.

1. PLead (Lord) my cauſe with ſtriving fo
Againſt them fight who me oppoſe.
2. The ſhield for my Protection weare;
Draw out Thy all-ſubduing ſpeare.
Stop Thou my perſecutors way;
Soule, I am thy ſalvation, ſay.
4 Let them drove back with ſhame retir
Who to procure my hurt conſpire.

5. Like chaffe before the Whirlwinds blaſt,
Let them be by God's Angell chas'd:
6. Darke be their way, their ſteps untrue;
And let His Angel them purſue.
7. For without cauſe they hid their ſn
And for my ſoule did pits prepare.
8. But let themſelves ſurpriſed all
In their contriv'd deſtruction fall.

9. My ſoule in God ſhall joyfull be:
10 My bones all ſay; who's like to Thee?

Who keep'ſt the poor from ſuff'ring wrong,
And help'ſt the needy 'gainſt the ſtrong.

11. Falſe witneſſe did againſt me riſe,
And things unknowne to me deviſe.
12. For good they me reward with ill,
To ſpoile my ſoule, and life to ſpill.

13. Yet when they lay in ſickneſſe caſt,
I did for them both pray, and faſt;
14. As for my friend, or brother borne,
Or for my Mother did I mourne.
15. But of my trouble glad they joyn'd:
Yea abjects in my ſcorne combin'd.
16. The mocking hypocrites at feaſts,
By flowting me, delight the gueſts.

17. How long wilt Thou looke on, O Lord,
Nor reskue to my ſoule afford?
O ſave me from deſtructions jawes;
My darling from the *Lions* pawes.
18. Then in the great aſſembly I
Will thanks and praiſes multiply.
19. Let not inſulting foes deſpiſe,
Or wink upon me with their eyes.

20. They ſpeake not peace, but practiſe ſtrife,
Diſturbing thoſe of quiet life.
21. Their mouth 'gainſt me they opened wide;
Ha ha, our eye hath ſeene it, cry'd.

22. O Lord! Thou their deſpight doſt ſee:
Nor ſilence keep, nor abſent be.
23. Stirre up Thy ſelfe, to judgment wake;
My cauſe to Thy protection take.

24. O judge me in Thy truth, leaſt they
25. With joy, We have him ſwallow'd, ſay.
26. But let confounding ſhame them cloath,
Who love my hurt, my quiet loath.
27. Let them that favour my juſt cauſe,
Extoll the Lord with lowd applauſe;
Whoſe goodnes doth his ſervant raiſe:
28. And ſtill my tongue ſhall ſpeake Thy
(praiſe

PSAL. XXXVI.

1. MY heart of the tranſgreſſor ſaith,
No fear of God he hath.
2. Himſelfe he flatters in conceit,
Becomming all mens hate.
3. His mouth doth fraud, and ſin deviſe;
He is nor good, nor wiſe.
4. He miſcheife on his bed contrives,
By wayes abhorred thrives.

5. U

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Nor ſilence keep, nor abſent be.
23. Stirre up Thy ſelfe, to judgment wake;
My cauſe to Thy protection take.

24. O judge me in Thy truth, leaſt they
25. With joy, We have him ſwallow'd, ſay.
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He is nor good, nor wiſe.
4. He miſcheife on his bed contrives,
By wayes abhorred thrives.

5. U

Up to the clouds Thy mercies reach;
The hills Thy juſtice teach.
Thy judgments (Lord,) who all doſt keep,
Are like th'un-fathom'd deep.
How doth Thy love excell! Thy wing
Man-kind ore-ſhadowing.
Thy houſe to them full plenty brings,
Who drinke of Thy pure ſprings.

Thou haſt lifes ſprings, and in Thy ſight
We ſhall behold the light.
Thy kindneſſe, (Lord) and grace impart
To the upright in heart.
Let not the foot of pride prevaile,
Nor wicked hands aſſaile.
Downe are they fall'n who ills deviſe;
And never ſhall ariſe.

PSAL. XXXVII.

Sing this as Pſalme 51.

FRet not thy ſelfe, nor envious be
At thoſe that work iniquity.
For they ſhall ſoon to nothing paſſe,
But downe and wither'd like the graſſe.
Truſt in the Lord, be doing good;
So ſhalt thou dwelling have, and food.

4. Delight in Him, and for thy hire,
He give thee will thy hearts desire.

5. Commit thy selfe to his sole care,
By whom our actions crowned are.
6. Thine innocence Hee'l bring to light,
Cleare as the day, or noon-tide bright.
7. Rest then on Him, nor 'gainst those fr
Whose wicked projects prosper yet.
8. And cease from wrath; least anger m
To greater evils thee betray.

9. For wicked ones are cut away;
But good men long on earth shall stay.
10. The Sinners vanish in short space: pla
Though sought, thou shalt not find their
11. Yet shall the meek unshaken stand,
Inheriting the promis'd land:
Their blessings here on earth encrease,
With plenty crown'd, and lasting pe

12. Ill men with fury, and despight,
By plots would circumvent th'upright.
13. But God shall laugh, and them defie;
Whose veng full day is comming nigh.
14. Their sword is draw'n, their bow is b
To slay the just, is their intent.
15. But by their sword themselves shall dy
And all their bowes shall broken ly.

16

6. A good mans lot, though ſmall, is more
Then wicked rich mens wealthy ſtore.
7. Deſtruction ſhall their armes enfold;
But God the righteous doth uphold.
8. The Lord accounts the juſt mens age,
And will prolong their heritage;
9. In evill times not ſham'd, nor griev'd;
In dayes of famine ſtill reliev'd.

10. But Gods enraged enemies
Shall vaniſh as the Smoakes that riſe;
Diſſolv'd, and melted into fume,
As doth the fat of Lambs conſume.
11. The wicked borrow, but not pay;
The good both lend, and give away.
12. Such as be bleſt, poſſeſſe the land;
The bad cut off, and curſed ſtand.

Second Part.

13. A good mans ſteps God orders right,
Who doth in His commands delight.
14. Though fallen, he ſhall riſe againe;
For God's right hand doth him ſuſtaine.
15. I have been young, and now am old;
Yet never did my eyes behold
The juſt forſaken, or unfed;
Or ſee his children beg their bread.

16. He mercy ſhewes, and lends in need;
And ever bleſſed is his ſeed.

27. Depart from evill, and doe well;
That you with Him may ever dwell.
28. God judgment loves, His Saints not
But ſinners of their race bereaves. (leaves
29. The juſt His promis'd land poſſeſſe,
And dwell in endleſſe Happineſſe.

30. In judgment, and diſcourſes wiſe
A righteous mouth will exerciſe.
31. Gods Law doth in his heart abide,
Nor ſhall his goings ever ſlide.
32. Though wicked perſons daily wait,
To ſhed his blood confederate;
33. God lets him not condemned ly,
Or by a wrongfull ſentence dy.

34. Wait on the Lord, and keep His way;
That He to life exalt thee may:
When thou the wicked men ſhalt ſee
Cut off, and quite extinguiſh'd be.
35. I in great pow'r have ill ones ſeen,
Like ſpreading Lawrells freſh and green
36. Yet paſs'd he by, and ſoon was gone;
Not found againe, nor thought upon.

37. Marke the upright, the juſt intend;
For ſuch a man in peace ſhall end.
38. But ſinners, to deſtruction caſt,
Are in their death cut off at laſt.

39. Go

9. God to the righteous help doth raiſe;
He is their ſtrength in troubled dayes.
His aid ſhall ſave them from th'unjuſt;
Becauſe in Him they plant their truſt.

PSAL. XXXVIII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

LOrd! let me not in anger waſt,
Nor Thy rebukes in fury taſt.
Thy piercing arrowes deeply wound;
Thy preſſing hand doth me confound.
My ſickly body finds no eaſe,
Becauſe my ſinne doth Thee diſpleaſe.
or will that guilt Thou doſt deteſt
Afford my troubled conſcience reſt.

My ſins, like to a torrent grow'n,
My ſinking head have overflow'n.
hey burthen me with care, and feare;
And are become too great to beare.
My ſores, and wounds corrupted ſmell,
My foule offence, and folly tell:
Bow'd downe with trouble, and forlorne,
By night I wake, by day I mourne.

7. My

7. My loynes diſeas'd, my fleſh unſound;
And all my body ſeems one wound.
8. I feeble am, with anguiſh broake,
And roare beneath They heavy ſtroak.
9. O Lord, Thou know'ſt my whole deſire;
My hidden groanes to Thee aſpire.
10. My heart doth pant, my vigour dies;
Of light deprived are mine eyes.

11. My friends, who late profeſſed love,
Far from my ſore themſelves remove.
My kindred my converſes ſhun;
Nor come to comfort, but look on.
12. They, who my life ſeek to enſnare,
Intent upon my miſchiefes are.
With foule reproaches, and falſe lies,
My ruin daily they deviſe.

13. But I, as thoſe nor heare, nor ſpeake,
Did never into paſſion breake:
14. No angry murmur from me fell,
Which might my griefes impatience tell
15. For I in Thee my truſt repoſe,
To heare my moane, and quell my foes.
16. Who, when my foot amiſſe did goe,
Triumphed at my overthrow.

17. With woes oppreſt I daily fall,
My ſorrowes are continuall:

And whilſt my faults are in my view,
They do as oft my paine renew.
18. I therefore will thoſe ſins confeſſe,
And with contrition beg redreſſe.
I will the guilt of my offence
Waſh off with teares of penitence.

19. O Lord! mine enemies are ſtrong,
And live to do me further wrong.
Each day their number doth encreaſe,
Who are the haters of my peace.
20. They alſo have againſt me ſtood,
Who make returnes of ill for good:
Yet know no cauſe for their deſpight,
But that I follow what is right.

21. Therefore my ſad requeſt I make,
That Thou wilt never me forſake.
My God! O never far depart,
Who my releife, and comfort art.
22. My ſighs, and ſorrowes look upon,
Thou God of my ſalvation:
Afford thy help in time of need,
And to my reskue come with ſpeed.

PSAL. XXXIX.

Psal. XXXIX.

1. I Said my wayes I will intend,
And leaſt my tongue offend,
My mouth ſhall bownd and bridled bee,
Whilſt I the wicked ſee.
2. I dumb awhile and ſilent ſtood,
Ev'n ceaſing to ſpeak good;
Untill at laſt my grieved heart
Was urg'd with ſorrowes ſmart:

3. So that my heated breaſt became
For lack of vent a flame;
And then my tongue theſe words expreſt,
Breath'd forth from my diſreſt.
4. Lord! Let me underſtand my end,
How farr my dayes extend;
That I may know how I am fraile,
Each moment apt to faile.

5. Behold Thou mad'ſt the dayes of man
No longer then a ſpan:
His age as nothing is, and he
At beſt but vanitie:

6. M

. Man like a ſhadow walkes in vaine,
Waſting his time with paine;
He heapes up riches, yet not knowes
What heire ſhall them diſpoſe.

. And now O Lord! on whom ſhall I
Whilſt I ſtay here rely?
Truly my hope ſhall wait on Thee,
My joyes there treaſur'd be.
. Deliver me when I tranſgreſſe,
And help me in diſtreſſe;
Let not the fooliſh me deride,
Or ſcorne me in their pride.

. Under Thy ſcourge I ſilent lay
Prepared to obay:
I did not murmur at my paine,
Or of Thy hand complaine.
0. Yet now Thy mercies I invoke,
To take away Thy ſtroke;
For I conſume, and my faint breath
Is yeelding up to death.

1. When Thou for ſin doſt man correct,
Rebuking his neglect,
Thou mak'ſt his beauty ſoone conſume
Like to the wandring fume.
Sickneſſe deſtroyes him, as a moath
Corrodes and frets the cloath.

So

So vaine is man, and quickly gone
Into corruption.

12. Lord heare my cry! let not thine eares
Be deaf unto my teares:
For I with Thee a ſtranger am,
And but to ſojourne came.
13. O ſpare my time a little length,
Till I recover ſtrength,
Before I goe from this worlds ſhore,
And ſhall be ſeene no more.

PSAL. XL.

Sing this as Pſalme 51.

1. I Patient did for God attend,
Who to my cry His eare did lend:
2. From horror's pit He did me pluck,
And miry clay wherein I ſtuck.
And on the rock He ſet my feet, (fleet
From whence my goings nere ſhould
3. My mouth new ſongs of praiſes fill;
That men may feare, and truſt Him ſtil

4. The man moſt happy is, and bleſt,
Whoſe conſtant faith on God doth reſt:

And never will the proud ones prize,
Nor ſuch as turne aſide to lies.
Lord! many are Thy wonders wrought,
And loving towards us is Thy thought:
If I would ſpeak and them declare,
They more then can be numbred are.

No ſacrifice Thou did'ſt deſire,
Nor ſin-oblation burnt in fire.
Thou piere'd, and open'd haſt mine eare;
To ſhew what gifts more pleaſing were:)
Then ſaid I; Lo, I come: Of old
The volume of the booke foretold:
Lord! I to do Thy will delight;
Yea in my heart Thy Law I write.

Thy righteouſneſſe my lips did teach,
Thy truth in great aſſemblies preach:
Thy word I hid not, or conceal'd;
But unto men Thy love reveal'd.
Thy tender mercies nere remove,
But ſtill preſerve me in Thy love:
For more in number then my haires
My ſin-preſt ſoule is vext with cares.

Be pleas'd to ſave, and keep me faſt;
O Lord! to give me help make haſt.
Let them confounded be with ſhame,
Who at my ſoules deſtruction aime.

Let

Let them repulſed backe retire,
Who wiſh my fall, or hurt deſire.
15. Let them be ſham'd, and deſolate,
Who, Fy upon thee, ſay in hate.

16. Let all that ſeek Thy glorious Name,
Their joyes and comforts loud proclai
Let all, who Thy ſalvation love,
Say alwayes, Prais'd be God above.
17. Though poore, and needy I am brou
Thou not exclud'ſt me from T
Thou my redeemer art, & ſtay; (thou
My God! O make no long delay.

PSAL. XLI.

Sing this as the Prayer after the Commandements.

1. BLeſſed is he, the poor who minds;
He help from God in trouble finds.
2. The Lord preſerves, and life ſupplies,
Nor gives him up to enemies.

3. When languiſhing upon his bed,
By God he ſhall be ſtrengthened:

Thee, when weak and loweſt layd,
s bed is in his ſickneſſe made.

I ſaid, my ſoule in mercy ſave;
For, (Lord,) 'gainſt Thee I ſinned have.
My foes thus ſpeak: When ſhall he dy?
And looſe both Name, and Memory?

Even thoſe, to ſee me who reſort,
When gone, traduce me in report.
My haters whiſper, and deviſe
To hurt me in their calumnies.

Sick of a fowle diſeaſe he lies,
(Say they,) and never more ſhall riſe:
Yea my near friend, who eat my bread,
Lifts up his heel to ſpurne my head.

Lord! raiſe me from this wofull plight,
That I their malice may requite.
I ſhall in this Thy favour know,
If not triumphed by my foe.

Thou do'ſt my innocence ſuſtaine,
And in Thy preſence me retaine.
Bleſt be the God of *Iacob* then
Through all enduring times: Amen.

PSAL. XLII.

1. AS the chas'd Hart distrest with heat,
Flies to the Brookes retreat:
O God! my soule pursu'd, and faint,
So after Thee doth pant.

2. My soule, to care and sorrow curst,
For God doth hourely thirst.
When shall I come Thy presence neare,
And in Thy sight appeare?

3. But teares, which day and night did fa
I had no meat at all:
While they, where is thy God do cry,
On whom thou dost rely?

4. Remembring this, my soule I powre,
And those glad times deplore,
When to Thy house we throng'd with pr
To keep Thy Holy daies.

5. Why, O my soule, art thou perplext?
My heart cast downe and vext?
Hope thou in God, and praise Him still,
Whose help up-raise thee will.

O God, my ſoule caſt downe with greife,
Within finds no releife.
t Jordans Land, and Hermon hill
I will remember ſtill.

One deep upon another calls,
At Thy loud Water-falls:
ıy waves, and billowes higheſt run,
All over me have gone.

The Lord yet ſends His favours ray;
To ſhine on me by day:
d I my ſongs and Pray'rs all night
Send to the God of light.

To God Ile ſay, My Rock, and ſtrength!
Am I forgot at length?
fore my foes why do I mourne,
Oppreſſed, and forlorne?

At their reproach, with ſcoffing mixt,
am with ſwords tranſ-fixt:
ilſt flouting at my miſery,
Where is Thy God? they cry.

Why, O my ſoule, art thou perplext?
y heart caſt downe, and vext?
e thou in God, and praiſe Him ſtill;
hoſe help up-raiſe thee will.

PSAL. XLIII.

1. IUdge me (O Lord) and plead my cauſe
With them that know no Lawes.
Deliver me from the unjuſt,
In fraud and wrong that truſt.
2. Thou (God!) canſt only me protect:
Why doſt Thou me reject?
Why goe I thus in mourning dreſt,
By enemies oppreſt?

3. O ſend Thy Glorious beams of light,
Thy truth to keep me right?
That of Thy holy dwellings I
May make diſcovery.
4. Then will I to Thy altar bring
A joyfull offering:
And on the harp my ditties raiſe,
To celebrate Thy praiſe.

5. Why droop'ſt thou then, my Soule, ſo
Downe in thy ſorrowes caſt?
Or wherefore, my afflicted heart,
Thou ſo diſturbed art?

6. T

. Truſt in the Lord: for I will praiſe,
And thank Him, all my dayes.
Who cures, and crownes lifes ſhort annoyes
With never ending joyes.

PSAL. XLIV.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

O God! our fathers have us told,
What Thou haſt done in times of old.
Thou drav'ſt out Nations by Thine hand,
To plant Thy people in their land. (got
'Twas not their arme, or ſword, which
Thoſe faire poſſeſſions for their lot:
But thy right hand, thine arme of might,
Becauſe in them Thou took'ſt delight.

O glorious God! Thou art my King:
Deliverance to *Iacob* bring.
Through Thee we will our enemies,
And thoſe tread downe, who 'gainſt us riſe.
For in my bow I will not truſt;
'Tis not my ſword deliver muſt:
But Thou haſt ſav'd us by Thy Name,
And all that hate us put to ſhame.

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But Thou haſt ſav'd us by Thy Name,
And all that hate us put to ſhame.

8. In God all day we make our boasts, (hoa
And praise Thy Name, great Lord of
9. But Thou hast left and cast us low,
Nor with our Armies forth dost goe.
10. Thou makest us our backs to turne;
Whilst they, which hate us, spoile & bu
11. Thou gav'st us to the Heathens pow
Like sheep, to scatter and devoure.

12. Thou do'st Thy People sell for nought
Not richer, when the price is brought:
13. Thou makest us our neighbours scorne,
Laugh'd at, and with reproaches torne
14. We are a by-word all about;
The Heathen shake their head, & flo
15. I ly confounded with disgrace,
And shame hath covered my face.

16. By reason of their vengfull pride,
Who Thee blaspheme, and me deride;
17. All this we beare: yet have we not
Thy selfe, or Covenant forgot.
18. Our heart revolting turnes not back
Nor do our feet Thy waies forsake
19 Though 'mongst the dragons broken
And with death's shadow cover'd o

20. If we our God forgotten have;
Or unto Idols worship gave:

21.

1. Shall not his ſearch the ſin impart,
Who knowes the ſecrets of each heart?
2. Yea for Thy ſake ſo ill we fare;
We all the day-long killed are:
Counted as ſheep for ſhambles bred,
Fit only to be ſlaughtered.

3. Awake (O Lord!) why do'ſt Thou ſleep?
Still wilt Thou us at diſtance keep?
4. Why hideſt Thou Thy face from thoſe,
Who ly oppreſt, and griev'd by foes?
5. Our ſoule unto the duſt is throw'n,
To earth our belly cleaveth downe.
6. Ariſe, our life from ruin take;
And ſave us for Thy mercies ſake.

PSAL. XLV.

MY heart good matter doth indite,
Which of the King I write.
nd like a ready pen, my tongue
Frames hir triumphant ſong.

Thou fairer art then humane race;
Thy lips are full of grace.
erefore thy God on thee doth powre
His bleſſings endleſſe ſtore.

3. Gird on thy ſword, O great in might!
For Truth, and Juſtice fight.
4. That all the world may underſtand
The terrour of Thy hand.

5. Thy ſharp'ned arrowes wound all thoſe,
Who dare the King oppoſe:
Whereby ſubdued at Thy call,
The vanquiſht people fall.

6. Thy throne, O God, doth ſtill endure;
Thy Scepter juſt, and pure:
7. Thou righteouſneſſe do'ſt value beſt,
And wickedneſſe deteſt.

Therefore thy God hath Thee preferr'd,
And by a love unheard,
The oyle of gladneſſe on Thy head,
Above Thy fellowes, ſhed.

8. Myrrhe, Aloës, and Caſſia's ſmell
Upon Thy garments dwell,
Out of the Ivory Palaces
Provided Thee to pleaſe.

9. King's daughters were amongſt Thy trai
Nor to attend diſdaine,
The Queen, upon Thy right hand plac'd,
With gold of Ophir grac'd.

10. Heark

10. Hearken O Daughter, and give eare:
Forget thy parents deare:
11. The King ſhall prize thy beauty more;
Whom, as thy Lord, adore.

12. Rich Tyre with gifts and preſents great
Thy favour ſhall entreat.
13. Who, far above Thy beauties ſeen,
All glorious art within.

14 Shee in a robe with needles wrought,
Shall to the King be brought.
The Virgins which upon hir wait,
Shall add unto Thy State.

15. With joy and gladneſſe they reſort,
To enter the Kings Court:
16. Thou ſhalt have ſons, in Father's ſtead;
And many Princes breed.

17. In all ſucceeding times Thy Name
Shall mention'd be with fame;
Whilſt the glad people Thy renowne
With endleſſe praiſes crowne.

PSAL. XLVI.

Sing this as Psalme 51.

1. GOd is our refuge; our defence
Rests wholly on His providence:
Which still affords a present aid,
When greatest troubles us invade.
2. Therefore we shall not need to feare,
Though the fixt earth removed were:
Or though the hills, and mountaines stee
Lay buried in the angry Deep.

3. Although the roaring waters make
The Mountaines with their swelling shak
4. Yet calmer rivers do embrace
Gods City, His faire dwelling place.
5. Whose Tabernacles, by His love,
Are kept that they can never move.
For He, when dangers Hir distresse,
His early succour shall addresse.

6. The Nations rage; the Kingdomes are
Disturb'd with strife, and threats of wa
But He the tempest can allay,
And cause the earth to melt away.

7. Th

7. The Lord of Hosts doth us direct;
Great *Iacobs* God doth us protect:
8. Come see, on those our mischeifs wrought,
What desolations He hath brought.

9. He maketh strife, and wars to cease;
And crowns the bleeding earth with peace:
He breaks the bow, and crackes the speare;
In fire the Chariots burned were.
10. Lo, this is God, whose awfull sway
Both earth, and Heaven must obey.
11. The Lord of Hosts doth us direct;
Great *Iacobs* God doth us protect.

PSAL. XLVII.

1. O Clap your hands, All earth throughout
To God in triumph shout.
2. His greatnesse rules the world from high,
With awfull Majesty.

3. He Nations under us subdues;
And will our portion chuse;
Which doth in glory far excell;
The Lot of *Israël.*

4. God is gone up with showting voice,
And sounding trumpets noyse. 6. Unto

6. Unto our God loud praiſes ſing;
Sing praiſes to our King.

7. To Him, whoſe pow'r the earth doth fill,
With knowledge ſing, and skill:
8. Who on His ſacred throne remaines,
And ore the Heathen reignes.

9. The Princes with the People joyne,
Sprung out of *Abra'm's* loyne.
For all are in His care enroll'd,
Who highly is extoll'd.

PSAL. XLVIII.

1. GReat is the Lord, His praiſe is great,
In *Salem* His bleſt ſeat.
2. Mount *Sion* beauteous is for ſite,
The ſpatious earth's delight.

Upon the ſides which Northward riſe,
The Great King's City lies.
3. God in hir Palaces alone
Is for a refuge know'n.

4. For lo, the Kings aſſembled were,
Hir glories downe to teare:

5. The

They ſaw with marvail hir defenſe,
In trouble haſting thence.

They were ſurpriz'd with ſudden feare,
Like pangs which women beare.
Thou break'ſt the Ships from *Tarſhiſh* ſaile
With Thy ſtrong Eaſterne gale.

In *Salem*, unto God endear'd,
We ſaw, what oft we heard:
The Lord of Hoſts will hir defend,
And ſtabliſh to the end.

Lord in Thy Temple to our thought
We have Thy mercies brought.
O God, according to Thy Name,
So endleſſe is Thy fame.

Thy hand is full of righteouſneſſe.
Let *Sion* joy expreſſe.
Let *Iudah's* daughter gladly ſing
The judgments of their King.

Walk round about faire *Sions* Mount;
Hir ſtately Tow'rs recount;
Hir Bulwarks marke, and ſtructures well,
And to your Children tell.

For here the Lord our God intends,
Till time expired ends, His

His favours on This place to breath,
And guide us unto death.

PSAL. XLIX. *As Psalme* 51.

1. ALl people of the world give eare;
2. Low, high, rich, poore, togither heare!
3. My mouth of wisedome shall dilate;
My heart deep knowledge meditate.
4. To Parables I will encline,
Darke sayings on the harp divine.
5. Why should my end affrightment feel,
When sin, or death assault my heel?

6. Who trust in wealth, and riches boast,
7. Cannot redeeme a brother lost;
Or bring back life, when fled away;
Or unto God his ransome pay;
8. (The soule so pretious is, no rate
Can it recall, or expiate:)
9. That so he might for ever last,
And not of earth's corruption tast.

10. For he perceiveth that the wise,
Like to the foole, and brutish dies:
And all the wealth, which they have go
Must then become anothers lot.

11. Y

1. Yet they ſuppoſe their dwelling place
Shall laſt through each ſucceeding race;
And to their lands their names bequeath,
To keep them living after death.

2. Man neretheleſſe to honour brought,
Like beaſts that periſh, comes to nought.
3. Thus their vaine folly ends; yet they,
Who them ſurvive, praiſe all they ſay.
4. Like ſheep, they in the grave are layd,
For death to feed on, diſhes made.
The juſt in light eternall reignes,
Whilſt others pomp in duſt remaines.

5. But God my my ſoule ſhall take, and ſave
From power of the wide-mouth'd grave.
6. Be not thou troubled, or afraid,
When one of theſe is wealthy made:
Or when with plenty fill'd, and eaſe,
His houſes glory doth encreaſe.
7. He carries nothing when he dies,
But ſtript of all his honour lies.

8. Though living, he his ſoule did bleſſe;
Applauding his falſe happineſſe:
And men that courſe in worldings praiſe,
Which moſt the appetite obaies.
9. He with his fathers ends in night,
And never more ſhall ſee the light.

20. Man, who in honour nothing knowes,
From hence, like beasts that perish, goes.

PSAL. L.

To the proper Tune.

1. THe God of might,
Unto the earth did call,
From the Suns light
To his declining fall.
2. From *Sion* faire
The Lord himselfe hath shone,
3 God shall repaire,
In noise and terrour know'n.
Usher'd with Flame
Wrapt in a stormy cloud,
4. He shall proclaime
To earth his judgment lowd.

5. My Saints collect
To me with offrings sworne;
6. Heav'ns shall detect
The justice by Him borne.
7. My people heare,
O Israel, I speak,

And witneſſe beare
'Gainſt thee, my Lawes doſt break.
8. I not reprove
Thy ſacrifices faile,
9. No goates I love,
Nor Bullocks from thy ſtall.

10. Mine is each beaſt
Which the wild Forreſts feed,
Ev'n to the leaſt
Which thouſand hils doe breed:
11. The fowles I know
Which on the Mountaines fly,
The wild beaſts owe
Which in the deſart ly.
12. If I would eat,
I need not tell it thee;
The whole worlds meat,
And it, belongs to me.

13. That I require
Bulls fleſh, why ſhould'ſt thou think,
Burnt in the fire?
Or blood of goats would drink?
14. Thankſgivings bring,
And pay to God thy vowes;
This offering
He as the beſt allowes:
15. And on Me call
In thine afflicted dayes,

I ſave thee ſhall,
And thou ſhalt give Me praiſe.

16. But to the bad
(Saith God) why ſhould you dare,
The Lawes I made,
Or Statutes to declare?
Why doe ye vaunt
In your un-hallow'd mouth,
My Covenant?
17. Whoſe hearts inſtruction loath.
18. Thou did'ſt conſent
When thou a thief hadſt ſeen:
Thy foule intent
Hath with adult'rers been.

19. Thou to all ill
Thy mouth do'ſt dedicate,
Thy falſe tongue ſtill
Is uttering deceit:
20. Thou do'ſt back-bite,
To work thy brothers ſhame,
And full of ſpight
Thy Mothers ſonne defame.
21. This haſt thou done,
And whilſt I ſilent ſate,
Thou thought'ſt Me one
Who had, like thee, forgate.

But I will haſt,
And order'd 'fore thine eyes
Preſent at laſt
All theſe impieties.
2. Conſider ye!
Who God, nor judgment fear,
Leaſt anger'd He
Your ſoules in pieces teare.
3. Who offers praiſe,
Me honours; and th' upright,
After earthes dayes,
Shall dwell in endleſſe light.

PSAL. LI.

To the proper Tune.

HAve mercy, O my God! on me
Who thus dejected fly to Thee:
According to Thy boundleſſe love
The weight of mine offence remove.
From Thine un-waſted pitties ſpring
Thy wonted ſtreames of pardon bring.
O waſh my leprous ſoule againe,
And cleanſe me from this bloody ſtaine.

In ſad repentance I confeſſe
The knowledge of this wickedneſſe:

4. Againſt

4. Againſt Thee have I ſinn'd alone,
Who art my Judge, for what is done.
I cannot hide the blood I ſpilt,
Nor will excuſe my ſecret guilt.
That at Thy bar when I am try'd,
Thy ſentence might be juſtify'd.

5 Brought forth I was to Parents ſcorne,
In ſin conceiv'd, with ſorrow Borne;
And have emprov'd, by act and thought,
Thoſe ſpots which to the world I brough
6. But Thou doſt inward truth require,
And only can'ſt that grace inſpire:
Thou therefore ſhalt, who wiſdome ar
With underſtanding fill my heart.

7. Purge me with *Hyſſop*, then my ſoule
Shall cleanſed be, though nev'r ſo foule.
Waſh me, and my black crimes will grow
More white, then is the falling ſnow.
8. Make me to hear Thy mercies voice,
So ſhall my broken bones rejoyce.
9. Turne from my ſinnes Thy face away,
Nor let them in remembrance ſtay.

10. Create (O God!) a cleanſed heart,
Renew my ſoule, chaſt thoughts impar
11. Me from Thy preſence never drive,
Nor of thy guiding grace deprive.

12. R

Restore Thy comfort yet at last,
And let Thy spirit keep me fast:
Then wicked men thy wayes Ile teach,
And sinners shall conversion reach.

Deliver me from guilt of blood,
O God Thou Authour of my good.
Open my lips, enlarge my tongue;
And then thy prayses shall be sung.
Thou do'st not sacrifice desire,
Or any offring made by fire.
The sacrifices God delight,
Are broken hearts, and soules contrite.

O cast thy favourable eye
On *Sions* low calamity:
Build up neglected *Salems* wall,
Whose Structures now to ruin fall.
Then shalt Thou be, when once appeas'd,
With our devout oblations pleas'd:
Who heapes of Incense up will fling,
And bullocks to Thine Altar bring.

PSAL. LII.

PSAL. LII.

1. WHy boasting Tyrant dost thou thre
Thou canst do mischeife yet?
Gods constant goodnesse will prevent
Thy murtherous intent.

2. Thy tongue suggestions doth devise;
Like rasors cut thy lyes.
3. Thou evill more then goodnesse lov'st;
Deceit, not truth, approv'st.

(vou
4. Thy words, false tongue, mens lives de-
But God shall, by his pow'r,
5. Pluck thee from earth thy dwelling plac
Thy name from heaven rase.

6. The just these judgments see, and feare,
Which wicked ones must beare:
And all their malice vainly try'd
With laughter shall deride.

7. Lo, this is he who God not chose
For his assur'd repose:
But strong in violence, and stealth,
Rely'd upon his wealth.

8.

Yet I within God's houſe ſhall be
Like a green Olive tree:
d on Thy mercy all my daies
My confidence will raiſe.

I for this preſervation will
My praiſes offer ſtill;
d on Thy ſaving Name await,
Which Saints muſt celebrate.

PSAL. LIII.

THe fool, whoſe heart doth truth upbraid,
There is no God, hath ſaid.
rrupted is with ſin their mind;
And none to good enclin'd.
God His ſurvay from Heaven took,
And downe on men did look;
ſee, if any Him would know,
Or ſeek His truth below.

But now revolted every one
To filthineſſe is gone:
Law by none is underſtood;
There is not one doth good.
Will they all knowledge thus defy,
That work iniquity?

Who

Who eat my people up as bread;
Nor God have worſhipped.

5. He by falſe fear, and vaine affright,
Their bones hath ſcatter'd quite.
Through Gods juſt vengeance, and deſpi
In ſhame their glory lies.
6. O that from *Sion* help were ſent,
To end our baniſhment!
For *Iacobs* Off-ſpring then in peace
Should joy in their releaſe.

PSAL. LIV.

1. SAve me (O God,) and by Thy might,
With judgment do me right.
Be Thou to my requeſt attent,
2. My words in ſorrow ſent.
3. For 'gainſt my ſoule Oppreſſors riſe;
Strangers, who thee deſpiſe.
4. But thou my help, and champion art,
For thoſe that take my part.

5. With ſure revenge He ſhall repay,
And cut my foes away.
6. Free off'rings then to thee ſhall flame;
And I will praiſe Thy Name.

His goodneſſe me from trouble ſaves,
And gives them timeleſſe graves.
Mine eye on thoſe ſees his deſire,
Who did my fall conſpire.

PSAL. LV.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

GIve eare (O God) unto my pray'r,
From my requeſt not hidden far.
Attend to me with crying faint,
Who lowdly mourne in my complaint.
Becauſe my foes injurious voyce
Mine innocence decryes with noyſe;
And bad oppreſſors That impute,
Which doth their wrath and hatred ſuit.

My heart within me, ſore with paine,
Death's falling terrours doth ſuſtaine;
Cold feare and trembling me diſmay'd:
Orewhelm'd with horrour, thus I ſaid:
O that I were with wings poſſeſt,
Like doves to fly, and be at reſt:
Lo, then far off I wander might,
And to the deſart take my flight.

8. I from the windy ſtorme would haſt,
And this fierce tempeſt 'ſcape at laſt.
9. Deſtroy, (O Lord!) their tongues divide
For in the City ſtrife I ſpy'd.
10. Both day and night the walls they round
Wherein all miſcheifes do abound:
11. In midſt whereof foule ſins do meet,
Deceit and guile in ev'ry ſtreet.

12. No open foe did me traduce;
For then I could have borne th'abuſe:
No publicke hate 'gainſt me reveal'd;
Then ſhould I have my ſelfe conceal'd.
13. But it was Thou, my friend, my guid
In equall converſation try'd.
14. We in ſweet counſail daies had ſpent,
And to Gods houſe togither went.

15. O let ſome unexpected death,
Strange, as unlook't for, ſeize their bre
Let them go down alive to hell;
For wickedneſſe with them doth dwell.
16. But I upon the Lord will call,
Who ſaves me from their plotted fa
17. At ev'ning, morning, and mid-day
To Him that heares me will I pray.

18. He resku'd hath in peace my life;
Deliver'd from their bloody ſtrife

Who were in battail oppoſite:
For many then for me did fight.
Afflictions ſhall on them lay hold,
By God impos'd, who 'bides of old.
Becauſe they in no changes were,
They grow ſecure, and God not feare.

He hath put forth his hand 'gainſt Theſe
Who were enleagu'd with him in peace:
His friendly vow he did recant,
And break his ſolemne Covenant.
His ſpeeches ſmooth as butter are;
But in his heart is cruell war: (words;
More ſoft then Oyle his flatt'ring
Yet were they ſharper then draw'n
(ſwords.

Upon the Lord thy burden caſt;
Who ſhall ſuſtaine, and keep thee faſt.
But thou (O God) ſhalt bring them down,
In pit of wide deſtruction throw'n:
Men treacherous, of blood, and ſtrife,
Shall find long troubles, and ſhort life;
Nor halfe their daies compleated ſee:
But I will ever truſt in Thee.

PSAL. LVI.

Sing this as Psalme 51.

1. BE mercifull, O God! to me:
For Man combines to ſwallow me.
He daily doth againſt me fight,
By Power to oppreſſe my right.
2. My watchfull enemies each houre
My life aſſaile and would devoure.
O Thou moſt High! they many are,
Who have conſpired in this war.

3. Yet though encompaſt, and afraid,
I fly for ſhelter to Thy aid.
4. For truſting in Gods word, and arme,
I know no fleſh can do me harme.
5. They ſtill my words, and meaning wre
Cloſe miſcheife plotting in their hea
6. They joyne themſelves, my ſteps they
To overthrow me in the dark. (mar

7. Shall they eſcape? Lord, in thy frowne
Defeat their plots, and ca: them downe.
8. My wand'ring ſteps, and each looſe thou
Muſt be unto Thy Audit brought:

Th

Thou bott'leſt all the tears I ſhed;
My ſighs are book'd, and numbered.
9. Soone therefore as to Thee I cry,
I know my foes ſhall faint, and fly.

10. God only is my truſt, and joy:
11. I fearleſſe am of mans annoy.
12. To Thee, O Lord, Ile pay my vow;
My knees in thanks to Thee ſhall bow.
13. For thou my life keep'ſt from the grave,
And do'ſt my feet from falling ſave:
That with the living in Thy ſight
I may enjoy Eternall light.

PSAL. LVII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

BE mercifull (O God!) to me,
Whoſe ſoule doth only truſt in Thee.
To Thy wing's ſhadow will I haſt,
Till theſe calamities be paſt.
My cry to God I will advance,
Who alway ſends deliverance.
His mercy ſaves me from their pow'r,
Who would both life, and fame devour.

4 My ſoule 'mongſt Lions is untam'd;
Ev'n ſons of men with hate enflam'd:
Whoſe teeth are ſpears, & darts; whoſe wor
More piercing, & more ſharp then ſword
5. O God! above the earth, or sky,
Exalted be Thy Majeſty!
6. For my greiv'd ſoule they nets prepare;
But in their own pits fallen are.

7. My heart (O God) my heart is fixt;
I'le Anthems ſing with praiſes mixt.
8. A wake my Glory, harp awake;
I early will addreſſes make.
9. Thou 'mongſt the Nations ſhalt be prais
10. Whoſe mercy to the clouds is rays'd.
11. O God! above the earth, or sky,
Exalted by Thy Majeſty.

PSAL. LVIII.

Sing this as Pſalme 51.

1. O Congregation ſpeake ye right?
O ſons of men judge ye upright?
2. Your hearts containe, and hands diſpen
Only full weight of violence.

3. T

3. The wicked men, to life when come,
Eſtranged are, ev'n from the womb;
They goe aſtray, though newly borne,
They utter lies with lips forſworne.

4. Like Serpents they their poyſon bear;
And like deafe adders ſtop their eare;
5. Which will not heare th' enchanters ſpell,
Although he charme them nere ſo well.
6. Break thou their teeth (O God) which hang
Like the young Lions Sharpned fang.
7. Let them like melting waters ly;
And cut their arrowes as they fly.

8. Be they like ſnailes conſum'd to ſlime;
Or womens births before their time.
9. Quicker then thornes enkindled blaze,
Let whirlwinds blow them from their place.
10. This ſight ſhall joyfull make the good,
To waſh their feet in wicked blood.
11. So men ſhall ſay, from God are had
Rewards for juſt ones, plagues for bad.

PSAL. LIX.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. FRom enemies (O God!) defend,
2. Whoſe bloody plots in murther end.

3. Lo, for my Soule they ly in wait;
The mighty are confederate.
Yet is it not for my offence,
They thus prepare to take me hence.
4. Awake, (O Lord) behold my wrong;
Thy help withhold not from me long.

5. O Lord! Thou God of Hosts awake;
Of all the Heathen vengeance take:
Let not Thy grace to them extend,
Who with malitious hearts offend.
6. Like dogs they come, when day is done,
Which snarling through the City run:
7. Behold they belch out daring words;
And in their lips they carry swords.

For who (say they) our acts shall heare?
Or hinder us, when we appeare?
8. But Thou (O Lord) shalt them deride,
And strike the heathen in their pride.
9. O Lord! my trust awaites on Thee,
Who by Thy strength shall guarded be.
10. Gods saving mercy me prevents;
Mine eye shall see their ill events.

11. Disperse them (Lord, my sheild!) not slay
Least it forget my people may.
12. Let their mouthes sin themselvs confound
Themselves their lyes and curses wound.

13. Grea

13. Great King! consume them in thine ire;
14. Let them like dogs at night retire,
15. Still wand'ring up and down for meat;
And grudge, when lacking what to eat.

16. But of Thy pow'r my lips shall sing;
Yea long before the day doth spring,
My thankfull hymnes shall sound aloud
The Mercy Thou to me hast show'd.
Thou art in trouble my defense,
A refuge for my innocence.
17. To Thee O God my strength Ile sing,
For Thou dost help, and mercy bring.

PSAL. LX.

LOrd! Thou hast scatter'd us abroad,
We have strange countries troad;
turne, and let our wand'ring feet
In our own dwellings meet.
The trembling earth is rent by warrs,
And broke in factious jarrs:
eale Thou the breach Thy fury makes,
For our foundation shakes.

With cares Thou hast Thy people fed,
And to amazement led.

Thou mingleſt Thy Revenges cup,
And we have drunk it up.

4. Yet thou thy banner haſt diſplay'd,
To gather thoſe that ſtray'd.
Thy truth and wonted pity ſhall
Our baniſhment recall.

5. That therefore Thy belov'd may be
From all invaſion free,
Thy right hand for their ſafety reare,
And their petitions heare.

6. God by his Truth did oft profeſſe,
He would his ſervants bleſſe.
I will divide faire *Shechem's* ſoile,
And *Succoth's* valley ſpoile.

Manaſſeh, *Gilead*, both are mine;
In war ſhall *Ephraim* ſhine.
But *Judahs* Scepter all muſt awe,
And give my people Law.

8. *Moab* ſhall be a dunghill grow'n;
Proud *Edom* overthrow'n:
Philiſtia's boaſted triumphs ſhall
Be buried in hir fall.

9. Who me will to the City lead,
Fierce *Edoms* ſtrength, and head? Th

That I may break hir fenſed gate,
And trample on hir ſtate.

10. O Thou my God who caſt'dſt us off,
And mad'ſt our force their ſcoffe,
Wilt not Thou with our armies go,
To quell th' inſulting foe?

11. From trouble ſave us once againe:
For help of man is vaine.
12. Through God we ſhall in battail riſe,
And foyle our enemies.

PSAL. LXI.

1. GIve eare, O God! unto my cry;
My Prayer not deny;
2. When through the earth in exile throw'n
To Thee I make my moane.
Thou to that rock of ſtrength ſhalt lead
My care-oppreſſed head;
3. Who art my ſhelter and defenſe
Againſt all violence.

4. Within Thy Tabernacle I
Will dwell eternally;
Whilſt my unſhaken hopes endure,
Under Thy wing ſecure.

5. For

5. For Thou O God haſt heard my vow;
Thou my deſire doſt know:
From whom the heritages came
To thoſe that feare Thy Name.

6. Thou ſhalt preſerve the King in peace,
And give His yeares encreaſe:
7. That He within Thy gratious ſight
May dwell in endleſſe light.
Thy mercy, and Thy truth prepare;
Which his preſervers are.
8. So to Thy Name Ile praiſes ſing,
And vowes performed bring.

PSAL. LXII.

1. MY ſoule doth wait on God alone,
Whence comes ſalvation.
2 He is my Rock; firm'd in His love,
I ſhall not greatly move.
3. How long will miſchiefe ye deviſe?
Swift death ſhall you ſurpriſe.
Ye ſhall be like a bowing wall,
Or tott'ring fences fall.

4 For they conſult to caſt him downe,
Whom God lifts to renowne:

The

hey blessings with their mouth impart,
But curses from their heart.
My soule wait Thou on God alone;
My expectation.
He is my Rock, my safe defense;
I shall not move from hence.

In God my health and glory rest,
My strength and refuge blest.
Trust Him, ye people, and implore;
Your heart before Him powre.
The sons of men, both low, and high,
Are lyes, and vanity:
nd all alike in ballance lay'd,
Weigh lighter then the shade.

. O never in oppression trust,
Nor robberies unjust.
wealth encrease, your heart nere set
Upon the gaines you get.
. God once hath spoke, and oft I heard,
His pow'r is to be fear'd:
And that His Mercy doth dispense
Each work its recompense.

PSAL. LXIII.

PSAL. LXIII.

1. O God, Thou art my God; to Thee
My thoughts addreſſed be.
And early as the riſing day,
I will before Thee pray.

My thirſting ſoule, and longing fleſh
Beg, Thou wilt them refreſh,
In that dry land, where fruits nere grow,
Nor ſtreams of water flow.

2. That in Thy Sanctuary I
May ſee Thy Majeſty;
And Thy bright glory may behold,
As I had ſeen of old.

3. Thy loving kindneſſe better is,
Then life, or earthly bliſſe:
My lips ſhall therefore praiſes give,
4. And bleſſe Thee, whilſt I live.

Thus unto Thee, whoſe Name is fear'd,
My hands ſhall be up-reard.
5. My ſoule is as with marrow cloy'd;
When thus my mouth's employ'd.

I Thee remember on my bed,
With croſſes wearied:
nd in the watches of the night,
Thy goodneſſe I recite.

Under the ſhadow of Thy wing
To Thee, my Help, I ſing:
My ſoule on Thee alone depends;
Whoſe Right hand me defends.

But thoſe that would my Soule enſlave,
Shall ſinke into the grave.
. The killing ſword their lives ſhall ſlay,
Or make them foxes prey.

. The King in God his joy ſhall beare,
With thoſe that by Him ſweare:
hen all the mouthes of ſuch as ly,
Stop'd, and confounded dy.

PSAL. LXIV.

MY voice in Pray'r, O God, intend;
My life from foes defend.
Me from all wicked counſails ſhrowd,
And riſings of the proud. (ſwords,

3. Whoſe

3. Whoſe tongues full bent, and whet like (ſwor
As darts, ſhoot bitter words:
4. That fearleſſe, and in ſecret they
The perfect man may ſlay.

5. In miſcheife they encourage each;
Of ſnares make private ſpeech;
Which when in ſecret lay'd, They cry,
What eyes ſhall them deſcry?

6. They both contrive, and practiſe ill,
Moſt diligent to kill:
Which in their heart concealed deep
Their thoughts in ſecret keep.

7. But God ſhall with a ſuddaine dart
Wound their malitious heart:
8. So their own tongue betray them ſhall,
As cauſer of their fall.

Then thoſe deride them ſhall, that ſee,
And from their vengeance flee:
9. All men ſhall feare, and thence declare,
God's work theſe judgments are.

For wiſely they conſider on,
And ponder what is done.
10. In God rejoyce then ſhall the juſt,
And glory in His truſt.

PSALME LX

PSAL: LXV.

THy praiſe (O God!) in Sion flowes,
Where we performe our vowes.
O Thou that hear'ſt our prayers ſumme,
To Thee all fleſh ſhall come.

My miſdeeds (Lord) 'gainſt me prevaile;
Thy mercies though nere faile:
ho our tranſgreſſions from thy ſight
Remov'ſt, and purgeſt quite.

Bleſt is the man Thou do'ſt admit
Within Thy Courts to ſit:
r with Thy Temples beauty he
Shall ſatisfied be.

O God of our ſalvation! Thou
Wilt dreadfull wonders ſhow!
ou hope of all earth's bounds containe,
Or far dilated Maine.

Whoſe ſtrength the mountaines ſetteth faſt,
On their foundation plac't:
Who doth the roaring Seas aſſwage,
And ſtill the People's rage.

8. They

8. They, in earth's utmoſt parts that dwell,
Thy fearfull tokens tell:
Thou mak'ſt th' outgoings of the morne,
And nights thy praiſe adorne.

9. Thou watereſt the earth with raine,
Then giv'ſt hir ſtore of graine.
Such plenty Gods full river yields
T' enrich the thirſty fields.

10. The ſetled furrowes, ſoft with ſhowrs,
Take in Thy bleſſings ſtores.
11. Thou do'ſt the year with goodnes crow
Thy clouds drop fatneſſe downe.

12. The barren deſerts ſhall abound;
The hills with joy reſound;
13. The flocks be full, the paſtures ſpring,
With corne the vallies ſing.

PSAL. LXVI.

1. MAke unto God a joyfull noyſe;
Ye lands lift up your voyce.
2. Sing forth the honour of His Name,
Report His glorious fame.
3. Say unto God, how wond'rous are
The works Thou doſt prepare!

To Thee, who in great pow'r do'ſt ſit,
Shall all Thy foes ſubmit.

1. With Songs, and adoration ſhall
The earth before Thee fall.
2. Come ſee His awfull works, and might,
Shew'n in His children's ſight.
3. He turn'd the Sea into dry land,
Wher on their foot did ſtand.
4. He rules in pow'r; His eye doth quell
The Nations that rebell.

5. O bleſſe our God, ſo juſtly fear'd;
And cauſe His praiſe be heard:
6. Who makes our ſoule in life abide,
Nor lets our feet to ſlide.
10. Thou us O God haſt prou'd, & try'd,
Like ſilver purify'd:
11. Thou brought'ſt us into the ſnare;
Our loines afflicted are.

12. Thou wicked men haſt ſuffered
To trample on our head;
We went through fire, and water paſt;
Yet ſav'dſt Thou us at laſt.
13. I will into thy Temple bring
A thankfull Offering,
14. The vow, my lips in trouble made,
Devoutly ſhall be paid.

15. I offer will burnt sacrifice,
Whilst clouds of Incense rise:
Rams, Goats, with Bullocks from the stall
Shall at Thy Altar fall.
16 O come, and heare my words declare
How large Gods favours are;
17. When with my mouth on Him I call'd,
And with my tongue extoll'd.

18. If wickedneſſe my heart regard,
I shall not then be heard.
19. But God enclined hath his eare,
My prayers voice to heare.
20. Let God for evermore be bleſt,
Who granted my requeſt:
Who hath not turn'd away His face,
Nor held from me His grace.

PSAL. LXVII.

1. THy mercy (Lord!) extend,
And bleſſings on us send;
O let Thy Light and Face Divine,
Upon They servants shine.

2. That through the earth Thy way
Be know'n to Gentiles may;

d nations of the Universe
Thy saving health rehearse.

Let all the people raise
Their voyce to sing Thy praise.
God ! let them with joy expresse
To Thee their thankfulnesse.

O let the Nations sing
With gladnesse to their King :
r thou the world shalt judge with right,
And rule the earth with might.

Let all the people raise
Their voice to sing Thy praise;
God, let them with joy expresse
To Thee their thankfulnesse.

Then shall the earth encrease
In plenty, and in peace :
d God, our God, in blessings shew'n,
Shall us His people own.

God, who doth ever live,
To us shall blessings give.
t all the ends of earth may feare,
And duty to Him beare.

PSAL. LXVIII.

1. LEt God (the God of might) ariſe;
And ſcatter'd be His enemies.
And let all thoſe that hate Him, flee
2. As ſmoake, by winds we driven ſee.
So periſh wicked men like fumes;
Or melted wax, which fire conſumes.
3. But let the righteous rejoyce;
And unto God lift up their voyce.

4. Sing unto God, ſing praiſes lowd
To Him that rides upon the cloud.
The Name of great *Iehovah* bleſſe,
5. A father of the fatherleſſe;
For he relieves the widowes wants;
6. He ſolitary houſholds plants:
And frees the Captives from their chai
Whil'ſt rebels are with hunger ſlaine.

7. When (Lord) Thy people Thou didſt lea
And marches through the deſart tread,
8. The Heavens melted, the earth ſhook,
And *Sinai* was with terrour ſtrook.
9. Yet Thou upon thy Lot didſt powre,
When faint and weary, plenties ſtore:

10. T

Thy congregation Thou didſt feed;
Reliev'dſt the poore, and help'dſt their need.
The Lord Himſelfe did give the word,
And num'rous preachers it record.
Kings armies fled, and took the foyle,
Whilſt women did divide the ſpoile.
Though then ye have neglected ly'n,
Ye ſhall againe with luſtre ſhine;
Like to the doves faire plumed wing,
As Gold, or Silver gliſtering.

When God great Kings had put to flight,
The land was like to *Salmon* white.
God's Mount is as faire *Baſhans* hill,
Whoſe height does earth with wonder fill.
Why leap ye hills which ſo excell?
This is the hill where God will dwell:
His Chariots twenty thouſand are;
Thouſands of Angels ſerve His war.

Second Part.

Thou ha'ſt aſcended up on high,
And captive led captivity:
Did'ſt ranſome thoſe who did rebell;
That God might ſtill among them dwell.
Bleſt be the Lord, the God of health,
Who loads us daily with His wealth.
He is the God, whoſe ſaving breath
The iſſues doth command from death.

21. But

21. But God ſhall wound their hatefull he
Who wilfully in ſins are led.
22. He ſaid, I will my people keep,
From *Baſhan* bring, & through the dee
23. That ſo Thy foot (borne through t
Of fall'n, and dying enemies,) (cr
May dipped be in ſlaughters flood;
And tongues of dogs lick up their blo

24. How Thou, (my God & King,) we kno
Didſt in Thy Sanctuary go:
25 Singers lead to the Inſtrument,
Then Damſels with their Timbrels wen
26. Bleſſe God all yee from *Iacob* ſpring:
27. Small *Benjamin* their Ruler bring.
With Princely *Iudah* on the Throne,
Strong *Nephtali*, and *Zebulon*.

28. Thy God for thee did ſtrength comma
O let Thy work confirmed ſtand.
29. Then preſents ſhall by Kings to Thee
In *Salems* Temple offer'd be.
30. Rebuke the peoples brutiſh ſpight;
Thoſe ſcatter, who in war delight.
31. So *Egypts* Princes, and the Moore,
With hands ſtretch'd out ſhall thee ado

32. Earth's Kingdomes ſing, and praiſe aſc
To God, who 'bove the Heavens doth r

His mighty voyce He out doth ſend:
4. His ſtrength excells, the clouds to rend.
5. O God, Thou from thy Holy Place
With terrour doſt thy foes amaze.
He ſtrength and pow'r to Iſrael gives:
Bleſſed be God, who ever lives.

PSAL. LXIX.

SAve me O God, for on my ſoule
The furious waters rowle:
Sunk deep in mire, no ſtay I have,
Orewhelm'd by ev'ry wave.

I weary am of my long cry;
My throat is hoarſe, and dry.
My failing eyes their ſtrength abate,
Whilſt for my God I wait.

My haters without cauſe exceed
The haires upon my head:
And though I things not took reſtore,
They wrong, and hate me more.

O God! my folly Thou ha'ſt know'n;
My ſins to Thee are ſhow'n.

6. Let none that ſeek, or wait for Thee,
Through me confounded be.

7. For Thy ſake have I borne diſgrace,
Shame cover'd hath my face:
8. A ſtranger to my brethren am,
Who from my Mother came.

9. I in Thy Houſes zeale do pine,
Thy wrongs reputing mine.
10. Yet when I faſted, wept, and mourn'd,
That my reproach was turn'd.

11. For garments I have Sack-cloath worne
A Proverb grow'n of ſcorne:
12. Revil'd by thoſe the gate that throng,
And made the drunkards ſong.

13. But (Lord) to Thee my prayers climb
In Thy accepted time:
O for Thy Truth, and mercies ſake,
Heare thoſe requeſts I make.

14 Deliver me from out the mire,
Where envious floods conſpire;
15. To ſwallowing deeps me nere expoſe,
Nor let the pit encloſe.

16. Give eare (O Lord) as Thou art kind,
Let me Thy mercy find: 17.

7. Hide not Thy Face in time of need;
But heare my moane with ſpeed.

Second Part.

8. Draw nigh (O Lord,) my ſoule redeem,
Loſt in my foes eſteem.
9. Thou my diſhonour know'ſt, and ſhame,
And thoſe who me defame.

0. Reproach my heavy heart hath broke,
Preſs'd downe with ſorrowes ſtroake.
For pitty I, and comfort look,
But friends have me forſook.

1. For drink, they Vineger, for meat,
They gave me Gall to eat:
2. O let their table prove their ſnare,
Their peace turne to deſpaire.

3. Their eyes be dark'ned; and ſtill make
Their loines through terrour ſhake.
4. Upon their heads Thy fury powre;
Let vengeance them devoure.

5. Make deſolate their dwelling place;
Their habitation raſe.
6. For they, whom Thou haſt ſmote, purſue;
The woundeds griefe renew.

27. Add ſin to their iniquity;
Let them thy preſence fly:
28 Blot from the Book of life their ſoule,
Nor with thy Saints enroll.

29. But I am poore, and full of paine;
O raiſe me up againe:
30. So in my Song Ile praiſe thy Name,
And thankfull ditties frame.

31. Such gifts, and ſacrifice, as theſe,
Will God much better pleaſe,
Then fatted Oxen from the ſtall,
Which on His Altar fall.

32. The meek ſhall ſee this, and be glad,
whoſe hopes on God are ſtay'd.
33. For he will hear the poor mans cryes,
His pris'ners not deſpiſe.

34. Let Heaven praiſe Him, Seas, and earth,
With all in them have birth.
35. For God will Sions Cities bleſſe,
For *Iudah* to poſſeſſe.

36. His ſervants, and ſucceeding race
Inherit ſhall this place.
And thoſe, that love His glorious Name,
For ever there remaine.

PSALME L

PSAL. LXX.

. MAke haſt O God my life to ſave,
Thy ſpeedy help I crave.
. Their practiſes with ſhame confound,
That ſeek my ſoule to wound.
et them diſgraced all retire,
That do my hurt deſire:
. Who 'gainſt me ſay, *Aba*, in ſcorne,
To ſhamefull ruin turn.

. And let all thoſe that ſeek to Thee,
Rejoyce and gladded be.
et them, who in thy love confide,
Say, God be magnify'd.
But I am poor, and preſt with need;
O God, to me make ſpeed:
hou art my help, and only ſtay;
O Lord, make no delay.

PSAL. LXXI.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. IN thee (O Lord) my truſt I place;
Confound me never with diſgrace:
2. Thou in Thy juſtice ſet me free,
Incline Thine eare, and ſuccour me.
3. Be Thou my ſtrong and ſafe reſort,
Who art my Rock, and only Fort.
4. O Save me from unrighteous bands,
From cruell men, and bloody hands.

5. Thou art my hope, O God of truth;
My truſt and Comfort from my youth:
6. Thou from the womb did'ſt me ſuſtaine,
When brought forth in my Mothers pain
Thou from her bowels did'ſt me bring
Of Thee my praiſe ſhall ever ſing:
7. And though mens wonder I am made
My ſtrong defenſe on Thee is lay'd.

8. O let my mouth be fill'd with praiſe,
And with Thy honour all my daies:
9. Caſt me not off, when old and fraile;
Nor me forſake when ſtrength doth faile.

10. Mi

10. Mine enemies combine with hate,
And for my Soule lay daily wait:
11. Saying, Him perſecute and take,
For God and man doth him forſake.

12. O be not far from me at need;
My God, to ſuccour me make ſpeed:
13. Conſume all thoſe, and them confound,
Who ſeek my Soule with hate to wound.
Reproach them who conſpire my hurt,
And my affliction make their Sport.
14. So never ſhall my hope give ore;
But I will praiſe Thee more and more.

15. My mouth ſhall ſtill Thy mercies ſhew,
Whoſe number I could never know.
16. And in Thy ſtrength will I go on,
Thy goodneſſe only mention.
17. O God, thou me from youth haſt taught,
To ſpeak the wonders thou haſt wrought
18. Forſake me not, when gray, and old;
Till to this Age Thy pow'r is told.

19. Thy righteouſneſſe, O God, exceeds:
Who equall can Thy mighty deeds?
20. Thou who haſt ſhew'd me grief, & paine,
Shalt quicken me (O Lord) againe:
Thy hand ſhall bring me from the deep,
Though bury'd low in earth I ſleep:

21. Thou ſhalt my greatnes then encreaſe,
And comfort me with endleſſe peace.

22. Therefore (O God) through all my dai
On Pſalteries Thy truth I'le praiſe:
And on the harpe Thy mercies tell,
O Holy one of Iſraël!

23. My joyfull lips to thee ſhall ſing, (brin
My ſoul, which Thou from death didſt

24. My tongue Thy juſtice ſhall proclaim
Who do'ſt my foes confound with ſham

PSAL. LXXII.

As Pſalme 51.

1. GIve (Lord) thy judgments to the Kin
And from his Son let Juſtice ſpring.

2. So ſhall the right to all extend,
And equity the poor defend. (pea

3. The mountains then ſhall bring forth
The hils by righteouſneſſe encreaſe.

4. He ſhall the poor and needy ſave,
But break oppreſſors in the grave.

5. All generations ſhall Thee feare,
So long as Sun, and Moon appeare.

He ſhall, like raine on graſſe new mow'n,
Or ſhowres that water earth, come downe:
The juſt ſhall flouriſh in His daies;
And Peace abound, whilſt light diſplayes.
From Sea to Sea His Throne ſhall reach,
And from the flood to earths end ſtretch.

They, who in deſarts dwell, ſhall bow;
His foes, as duſt His feet below.
Tarſhiſh, the Iſles, with *Sheba's* King,
And *Seba* ſhall their preſents bring.
All Kings before Him ſhall fall downe,
And every Nation ſerve His crowne.
The cries of helples He will heed,
And ſave the ſoules of ſuch as need.

He ſhall from violence redeem,
And pretious their blood eſteem.
Sheba ſhall Gold for Tribute pay;
Men praiſe Him ſtill, and for Him pray.
The ſmalleſt handfull then of corne,
Upon the tops of Mountaines borne,
Like *Lebanon* full fruits ſhall powre;
The people flouriſh like the flow'r.

His Name endureth, whil'ſt the Sun
About the world his courſe doth run.
Bleſſings through Him deſcend on all;
And Nations ſhall Him Bleſſed call.

18. Blessed be God, whose every act
His Servants wonder doth attract.
19. Blest be His Name: Let Earth, and men
Be with His glory fill'd: *Amen.*

PSAL. LXXIII.

Sing this as Psalme 119.

1. GOd unto *Israel* is kind;
To those are cleane in mind.
2. Yet had my wav'ring feet, and faith
Almost forsook their path.
3. For I to envy could not cease
At fools, and sinners peace:
4. Who not impaire in ages length,
Nor lessen'd are in strength.

5. They not like others troubled are,
Nor plagu'd with common care.
6. They therefore are with proud disdaine
Compass'd, as with a chaine:
And as a garment for defence,
Cover'd with violence.
7. Their wanton eye with fatnesse swells;
And wealth their wish excells.

8. They moſt corrupt oppreſſe the weak,
And arrogantly ſpeak.
9. They ſet their mouth 'gainſt heaven to talk,
Their tongue through earth doth walk.
10. Therefore Gods people, when they ſee,
How proſp'rous ſinners be:
And vexed with their ſorrowes ſenſe,
Incline to their defenſe.

11. So words like theſe their paſſion throwes;
How ſhould we thinke, God knowes;
12. Who lets the wicked live in health,
And daily grow in wealth?
13. Why vertue then ſhould I retaine?
I cleanſe my heart in vaine.
In vaine my hands held from offenſe
I waſh in innocence.

14. For all the daies my life hath ſeen,
I have afflicted been;
My Soule, with wants and ſorrowes worne,
Was chaſt'ned every morne.
15. Yet, ſhould I not theſe murmurs check,
But thus diſturbed ſpeak;
I might thy Children ſo offend,
And Thee blaſpheming end.

Second Part.

16. But this I found by fleſh and blood
Hard to be underſtood:

Nor

7. Nor, till I to Thy Temple went,
Could know, what these things meant.
Then I discern'd, what they portend,
And how the wicked end:
18. Whom Thou in slippery fortunes plac't
Do'st unto ruin cast.

19. How are their glories, quick as thought,
To desolation brought?
They in a moment turn'd to teares
Consume by their own feares.
20. God, as a dreame when one awakes,
Their Image vanish makes.
Causing their late admirers eyes
Them now as much despise.

21. Thus was my heart perplex'd with paine
And anguish prick'd my reines;
22. So foolish in my thoughts distrest
Am I, so like a beast.
23. Yet I by Thee am still sustain'd,
Held up by Thy Right hand.
24. Thy counsail here shall me direct,
Then crown with Thine Elect.

25. Whom have I in the heav'ns, but Thee?
Who can my Saviour be?
And through the spatious earth I none
Desire, but Thee alone.

6. My drooping heart doth daily faile,
My flesh corrupt and fraile:
ut Thou the strengthner of my heart,
And lasting portion art.

7. Who far from Thee revolting fly,
Shall perish utterly.
or Thou destroy'st, and casteſt low
Such as to Idols bow.
8. But it is good, with holy feare
That I to God draw neare:
o Thee my hopes entrusted are,
Who will Thy works declare.

PSAL. LXXIV.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

WHy art Thou absent (Lord) so long,
Regardlesse of Thy Servants wrong?
r wherefore doth Thy kindled ire,
hy sheep and Pastures burne like fire?
O think upon Thy chosen Lot,
Nor let Mount *Sion* be forgot.
And may the tribe thou did'st redeeme,
Be ever deare in Thy esteeme.

Lift up Thy feet, bring those to nought,
ho 'gainst Thy Church have evill wrought:

4. Thine

4. Thine adverſaries roar and ſhout,
They hang in ſcorne their banners out.
5. The carved workes, whoſe art and coſt
Thy Temples building once did boaſt,
6 Are into pitty'd ruin throw'n,
And with their hammers broken down.

7. Thy Holy Place they turne to flame,
Defile the dwelling of Thy Name:
And in their wicked hearts deſigne,
Hir glories quite to undermine.
8. With generall havock let us raſe,
The Sanctuaries hallow'd place.
Gods Houſes thus in aſhes lay'd,
Are wofull heaps of rubbiſh made.

9. We ſee no Signe, nor Miracle,
No Prophet have, who can foretell:
Not one hath knowledge to forecaſt,
How long theſe miſeries ſhall laſt.
10. O God! ſtill ſhall the foe blaſpheme,
And make Thy Name diſhonours them
11. Thy vengefull hand no longer hide,
But ſtretch it forth to ſtrike their pride.

12. For God is my all pow'rfull King,
From whom earths help & ſafety ſpring
13. Thou did'ſt reſtraine the riſing tide,
And with Thy ſtrength the Sea divide.
Th

hou brak'ſt th' *Ægyptian* Dragons head,
And left'ſt him on the waters dead;
. *Leviathan* that ſports the flood,
Thou gaveſt for Thy peoples food.

. Thou from the rock mad'ſt fountaines
And ſwelling Seas dry land to grow: (flow,
. Thine is the day, the Suns faire light,
Thine are the courſes of the night:
. The borders which the earth confine,
Are ſet and bounded by Thy line;
he Summers heat, and winters cold,
From Thee their yearly ſeaſons hold.

Remember, Lord! Thy Houſe defil'd,
Thy Name by blaſphemies revil'd:
, O give not up Thy Turtles life,
A ſpoile to adverſaries ſtrife:
t not Thy Congregation mourne,
Reproach'd by Them, of Thee forlorne:
. Look on the Covenant, and ſee
Earth dark'ned by their crueltie.

. Let not th'oppreſt returne with ſhame,
But let the needy praiſe Thy Name.
. Ariſe (O God!) maintaine Thy cauſe,
Thy Temples honour, and Thy Lawes.
member their blaſpheming noiſe,
Thine enemies inſulting voice.

23. Their insolence, who Thee despise,
Doth still encrease and higher rise.

PSAL. LXXV.

1. TO Thee (O God) with gratefull hear
To Thee we thanks impart.
How neare, and helpfull is Thy Name,
Thy wond'rous works proclaime.
2. When I, advanc'd to *Judah's* throne,
Shall rule the Nation;
In justice will I take delight,
And judge the peoples right.

3. The earth, with hir inhabitants,
Through feare dissolves and faints.
Yet of hir loose, declining frame
The Pillars I sustain.
4. I said unto the foolish men;
Deale not so madly then:
And unto those, Gods precepts scorne,
Exalt not you the horne.

5. Lift not your selves against His check,
Nor speak with a stiffe neck.
6. Promotion comes not from the east,
Nor South, nor from the West.

7. B

But God as Judge our fortune guides,
Our lot of life divides:
e one man lifts unto the Crowne,
And puts another downe.

He holds a cup, whose wine is red,
Full mixt, and tempered:
r wicked ones the dreg, and lee,
Wrung out to drink shall be.
I will in Songs of praise declare,
The God of *Iacobs* care;
The hornes of Pride cut off will I,
But lift the Just on high.

PSAL. LXXVI.

Sing this as the Prayer after the Commandements.

N *Iudah* God is know'n; His Name
The *Israelites* for Great proclaime.
is Tabernacles *Salem* grace,
d *Sion* is His dwelling place.

There He the Bow and arrowes broke,
d Battailes to confusion shooke.

The

The glittering ſword, the guarding ſhield,
Could not reſiſt, nor ſafety yield.

4. Thou of more honour art then they,
Who rove upon the Hills of prey:
5. For They, whoſe pride did us embroile,
Are now themſelves become a ſpoile.

A laſting ſleep ſhuts up their eyes,
And all their ſtrength in weaknes dyes:
6. At Thy rebuke the barbed horſe,
And armed Chariots looſe their force.

7. Thou Lord art fear'd; who may withſta
The fury of Thy pow'rfull hand?
8. From Heaven we Thy Judgments heard,
The trembling earth was ſtill, and fear'd.

9. When God the meek and humble ſaves,
But gives the proud untimely graves,
10. He on their fall his fame doth raiſe,
And turnes their malice to His praiſe.

11. Vow to the Lord your God, and bring
To Him your promis'd offering:
12. He Princes ſpirits can reſtraine,
And Kings of earth with terrour chaine.

PSAL. LXXVII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

I Cry'd to God with accents ſhrill;
To God that heares my prayer ſtill.
When into times of trouble brought,
nto Him for ſuccour ſought.
All night my anguiſh did not ceaſe;
My ſoule no comfort found, nor eaſe.
I think on God amidſt my paines,
My vexed ſpirit to Him complaines.

My ſleepleſs eyes Thou hold'ſt awake;
y tongue perplexed nothing ſpake.
The daies of old I meditate,
e antient times expired date.
I to remembrance call my Song,
My wonted mirth, omitted long:
All night I commune with my heart,
My ſpirits ſearch to eaſe my ſmart.

Will God for ever us reject?
r by His favour us protect?
His compaſſion loſt and gone;
promiſes not thought upon?

9. Hath

9. Hath God His pitty now forgot?
Or muſt deſtruction be our lot?
Or will His wrath, by ſin renew'd,
His tender mercies quite exclude?

10. Thus I complain'd: And then ſaid I,
This is mine own infirmity.
But I remember will the yeares
Thy right hand kept from want, or fear
11. The wonders which Thou did'ſt of
Shall with my thankfull tongue be to
12. My heart Thy works Shall meditate,
My words Thy noble acts relate.

13. Thy wayes (O God!) moſt holy are;
Who with Thy greatnes may compare
14. In miracles, and wond'rous ſignes
Thy ſtrength among the People ſhines.
15. Thou with that high victorious han
Not all the Nations could withſtand
The Sons of *Iacob* did'ſt redeeme;
And *Ioſephs* off-ſpring wilt eſteeme.

16. O God the waters at Thy ſight
Unto their depths retir'd with fright:
The billowes of the troubled maine
Shrunk downe, and hid themſelves agai
17. The melting cloud diſcharg'd in ſho
Like to a falling tempeſt powres:

Wh

Whilſt ſounds of horrour teare the ſky,
And through the aire thine arrowes fly.

Loud thunder from the heavens ſtrook,
Thy lightnings ſhone, earths fabrick ſhook:
In the great waters lyes Thy path,
Which where Thou go'ſt no footſteps hath.
Thy people Thou like ſheep ha'ſt led,
Sav'd from the Sea, in deſerts fed: (land,
And brought'ſt them to their promis'd
By *Moſes* and by *Aarons* hand.

PSAL. LXXVIII.

Sing this as Pſalme 51.

HEare, O my people, and encline
Your eare unto my Lawes divine.
I will dark Parables unfold,
Which we have heard from fathers told.
We will not from ſucceſſion hide
His works in praiſes magnifi'd:
Who gave a Law to *Iſrael*,
Which Parents muſt to Children tell.

That generations yet unborne
Might know their duty to performe?

7. That

7. That they their hope in God may ſet;
And not His workes, or Law forget:
8. Nor like their fathers, rebells prove,
With hearts unſtedfaſt in His love:
9. Like thoſe revolters *Ephraim* bred,
Who armed from the battell fled.

10. They Gods command, and Pact refus'd;
11. His works forgate, and pow'r abus'd:
12. When *Egypts* land, and *Zoans* field
Such marvailes to their ſight did yield.
13. For then divided He the deep,
The floods contracting to an heap:
14. By day the Cloud their guide became;
At night He led them with a Flame.

15. He Rocks in barren deſarts clave,
Which drink like ſwelling rivers gave:
16 He caus'd full ſtreams from drought to (gro
And waters made like torrents flow.
17. Yet they, by ſinning, Him forſook,
And in the deſart did provoke.
18. They tempted God by asking meat;
Which they for luſt, not hunger, eat.

19. Yea thus againſt their God they ſpake:
Can He in deſarts diet make?
20. The Rock He did in ſtreames divide;
But can He bread, or fleſh provide?

21. W

When God heard this, His juſt mov'd ire
'Gainſt *Iacob* kindled like a fire:
Becauſe their God they faithles griev'd,
And His ſalvation not believ'd.

Though his command the clouds had try'd
The doores of heaven open'd wide:
He rain'd downe *Manna* for their meat,
And gave them corne from heav'n to eat.
Thus man with Angels food was fed:
For to the full He gave them bread.
He caus'd the Eaſtern wind to blow,
And made the South His plenty throw.

He fleſh, as duſt, upon them rain'd;
The fowles like heaps of Sand remain'd.
They 'midſt their Camp with food were (cloy'd,
And all they could deſire, enjoy'd
But whil'ſt Their mouth the meat in took,
God's wrath their beſt, & choiceſt ſtrook.
For all this, *Iſrael* ſinned ſtill,
His wonders ſlight, neglect His will.

Second Part.

Therefore their daies they vainely ſpend,
And all their yeares in trouble end.
Yet when He ſlew them, then they ſought,
And God to their remembrance brought:
They turn'd, and from their ſin retir'd,
And early after God enquir'd.

35. Then

35. Then God They for their Rock esteem'
Remembring He had them redeem'd.

36. Yet with their flatt'ring mouth they ly'
37. Their heart His Covenant deny'd:
38. Though full of pitty He forgave,
Restrain'd His wrath, and Them did sa
39. For He remembred, They were fraile,
Whose lusts above His Laws prevaile:
As passing winds, so light and vaine,
Which breathing out, nere come agai

40. Oft did they grieve Him, oft rebell;
41. Tempting the God of *Israel*.
42. They thought not on His pow'rfull ar
Which kept them safe from hostile han
43. How He His signes in *Egypt* wrought,
His wonders over *Zoan* brought:
44. And turn'd their rivers into blood;
They could not drink the crimsin flo

45. He sent strange flies which them annoy
And frogs, their plenty to destroy:
46. Their fruits the Caterpillars eat,
And Locusts reap'd the ploughman's sw
47. With haile their swelling vines were
Their Sycamores destroy'd with fr
48. Their herds by tempest came to noug
Their flocks the furious thunder smo

49

His fierceſt wrath on them was ſpent;
Bad Angels were among them ſent:
Their ſoules not ſpared were from death,
Diſeaſe and plagues depriv'd their breath.
The firſt borne He through Egypt flew,
The chief which *Ham*, or *Nilus* knew.
But He His people led like ſheep,
And did His flock in deſarts keep.

Third Part.

He brought them ſafe, and free from fear;
When their purſuers drowned were.
And to His Sanctuary led,
The Mount His hand had purchaſed.
The Heathen He before them drave,
Their land by line to *Iacob* gave;
And made their tribes in tents to dwell:
Who tempting God, againe rebell.

They like their fathers backward ſlide;
As bowes deceitfull, turn'd aſide.
High places Him provoke, and prove;
His jealouſie their Idols move.
When God heard this, He waxed wroth,
And Iſrael did greatly loath:
His Tabernacle He forſook,
And no delight in *Shiloh* took.

Their ſtrength He gave to captive bands;
His Glory to the Heathens hands:

He left His people to the ſword;
His kindled wrath His Lot devour'd. (fire;
63. Their young men were conſum'd by
Their maids in marriage none require:
64. Their Prieſts were unto ſlaughter ſent;
Nor did their widowes them lament.

65. Then did the Lord from ſleep awake,
From wine as Giants ſpirit take:
66 Upon His flying foes He came,
And put them to perpetuall ſhame.
67. He *Ioſeph's* Tent did then refuſe,
Nor would the Tribe of *Ephraim* chuſe.
68. But *Iudahs* Tribe He did elect,
Mount *Sion*, which His thoughts affect.

69. His Sanctuary high He plac't,
Like earth, which ſtands for ever faſt.
70 His choyce did then on *David* looke,
And from amongſt the Sheepfolds took
71. From following Ewes, he made him
His choſen People, *Iacob's* ſeed:
72. Whom with a perfect heart he fed,
And by his skilfull conduct led.

PSAL. LXXIX.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

O God the Heathen us invade,
Thine heritage a prey is made.
Thy Holy Temple they defile,
And *Salem* make their ruins pile.
The bodies of thy ſervants ly,
To gorge the fowles through heav'n that fly,
The carkaſſes of Saints are feaſts,
To glut and feed devouring beaſts:

Their bloud like water hath been ſhed,
And none would ſee them buryed.
We are become our neighbours flowt,
Reproach'd and laugh'd at round about:
How long Lord ſhall thy jealous ire,
Conſume us like unquenched fire?
Let thy fierce anger thoſe devoure,
Who neither feare thy Name, or pow'r.

et thoſe at length thy judgments taſt,
Whoſe furious rage lay'd *Iacob* waſt.
emember not our former ſin,
or how rebellious we have bin:

Let ſpeedy mercies us prevent,
Who languiſh through thy puniſhment:
9. Save us O God, for thy great Name,
Forgive our ſins, remove our ſhame.

10. Why ſhould in ſcorne the Heathen ſay,
Where is the God whom we obay?
O let the value of our blood,
In thy revenge be underſtood!
11. And let the pris'ners groanes, and ſighe
Up to thy throne of mercy riſe!
Deliver thoſe are mark't to dy,
By their blood-thirſting cruelty.

12. Let ſeven-fold vengeance them reward,
Who nor thy Church, nor thee regard:
And may thoſe tongues which thee bl
Become themſelvs reproaches theme. (ſphe
13. So we thy People, and the ſheep,
Which thine own Fold & Paſtures kee
Wil thank thy goodnes all our daies,
And to ſucceſſion ſing thy praiſe.

PSAL. LXXX.

1 GReat Shepheard who doſt *Iſrael* kee
And leadeſt *Ioſeph* like a ſheep;

Give eare, and ſhine with glorious light,
O thou that dwell'ſt 'twixt *Cherubs* bright.
2 Before thy Tribes, now Captives made,
Stir up thy ſelfe and bring us aid:
Manaſſes, Ephraim behold,
And *Benjamin* to bondage ſold.

3. Turne us againe O God of might,
And ſhew to us thy comforts light;
Thy favour to thy ſervants deigne,
And then we ſhall be whole againe.
4. How long wilt thou diſpleaſed be,
With thoſe who daily worſhip thee?
How long thy cloſed eare exclude
Their Prayers, who to Thee have ſu'd?

5. Thou feedeſt Them with ſorrowes bread,
And teares for drink are meaſured;
6. We are through ſtrife and envy torne,
Our neighbours ſpoile, our haters ſcorne.
7. Turne us againe great God of might,
And ſhew to us thy comforts light;
Thy favour to Thy ſervants deigne,
And then we ſhall be whole againe.

8 Thou didſt a Vine from Ægypt bring,
Thy hand which planted, made it ſpring;
And that it might have room to ſpred,
The Heathen were diſcomfited:

I'ts root Thou cauſed'ſt faſt to ſtand,
And with faire branches fill the land;
10. The Hills were cover'd with Hir ſhade,
Hir boughes like goodly Cedars made.

11. Hir Armes did from the River reach,
Unto the Swelling Oceans beach. (fenſe
12. Why ha'ſt Thou then broke downe hir
Expoſing hir to violence?
That all who paſſe along hir place,
Pluck off hir grapes, hir ſtock deface;
13. The Mountaine beaſts, the Forreſt Bo
Root up hir plants, devoure hir ſtore.

14. Returne O God! from heaven ſhine,
Viſit Thy now deſpiſed Vine:
And what thy right hand once did plant,
O never may thy bleſſing want.
15. Let all hir branches flouriſh long,
Which for thy ſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtron
16. For though cut down, and burnt ſhe l
Thy beames of love ſhall make hir riſe.

17. Thy people ſtrengthen and protect,
Whom for thy ſelf Thou did'ſt elect:
18. So will we not goe back from Thee,
Whoſe name ſhall ſtill invoked be.
19. Turne us again O God of might,
And ſhew to us Thy comforts light;

Thy favour to thy ſervants deigne;
And then we ſhall be whole againe.

PSAL. LXXXI.

1. TO God our ſtrength lift up your voyce,
And make a joyfull noyſe.
2. Let Timbrell, Pſalme, the pleaſant Lyre
With Pſaltery conſpire.
3. The Trumpet in the New Moone blow,
In ſolemne triumph goe:
4. Which God did as a Law ordaine
For *Iacob* to retaine.

5. This He to *Ioſeph* did command
In the Egyptian land;
Where I a language heard unknow'n,
And underſtood by none.
6. His ſhoulder I from burthens eas'd,
From making bricks releas'd.
7. Thou didſt on me in trouble call,
Who ranſom'd thee from thrall.

In thunder from the breaking cloud
I anſwer'd thee alowd;
And at the waters where you ſtrove
In *Meribah* did prove.

8. Heare O my people! I will tell
To Thee O *Iſrael*:
9. No Heathen Gods ſhalt Thou adore,
Nor worſhip them before.

10. I am thy God, who freedome wrought,
And Thee from *Egypt* brought.
Thy mouth enlarg'd, and open'd wide,
By me ſhall be ſupply'd.
11. But they my precepts did neglect,
And *Iacob* Me reject:
12. So left I them to luſts unknow'n,
And counſells of their own.

13. O that my people would have hear'd,
And from my wayes not errd.
14. Their foes then had I ſoon ſubdu'd,
And with my hand purſu'd.
15. No place God's haters ſhould ſecure;
But they ſhould ſtill endure.
16. I fed them had with fineſt wheat,
And hony, for their meat.

PSAL. LXXXII.

Sing this as the Prayer after the Commandements.

GOd in the great aſſembly ſits;
To Kings and Judges judgment fits.
How long the right will ye reject,
And perſons of the bad reſpect?

The poor and fatherleſſe defend,
Juſtice to men oppreſt extend:
Deliver thoſe in need that ſtand,
And ſave them from the wicked's hand.

They will not underſtand, nor know;
But in the miſts of darknes go.
Earths baſes all are out of courſe,
Whil'ſt juſtice failes, and Law wants force.

I ſaid, that Kings are Gods on earth,
And ſons deriv'd from higheſt birth.
But ye like other men ſhall dy,
And with the fallen Princes ly.

O God! whoſe pow'r doth all compriſe,
In judgment on the earth ariſe.
For all the nations ſcatter'd far,
Thy lot, and Tributaries are.

Psal. LXXXIII.

1. DO not (O God) Thou silence keep,
Nor let Thy vengeance sleep;
2. Thy hatefull foes lift up their head,
In tumults gathered.
3. With craft, and counsailes of deceit,
They plot, and ly in wait;
How they Thy People may annoy,
And Thine elect destroy.

4. Come let us (say this furious rout,)
Their Nation quite root out;
And let the name of *Israel* be
Lost to all memory.
5. In consultations full of hate,
'Gainst Thee confederate,
6. *Edom* with *Ishmael* combine,
Moab with *Hagars* line.

7. *Gebal*, and *Ammon* 'gainst us fight,
With the *Amalekite*:
The *Philistines* arm'd bands conspire,
With those that dwell at Tyre:
8. And *Assur* runs in to their aid,
Prepared to invade;

They ſtrengthen *Lots* inceſtuous race,
Our dwellings to deface.

9. But Thou like *Midian* them confound,
Whoſe ſword themſelvs did wound:
Like *Siſera* O make them all,
Who did at *Kiſhon* fall.
10. Be they as *Iabin* ſwoll'n with pride,
Whoſe dreadfull Armies dy'd:
Their carkaſſes in *Endor* flung,
Were ſpread on earth as dung.

11. Let *Oreb's*, *Zeb's*, *Zalmunna's* fate,
Reward their Princes hate,
12. Who ſaid, let us our force addreſſ,
Gods Houſes to poſſeſſ.
13. My God! O make them like a wheele,
As ſtraw in winds to reele;
14. As raging fires their fuell burn,
And Hills to aſhes turn;

15. So with Thy tempeſt them purſue,
With ſtormes their fear renew.
16. O Lord! their faces fill with ſhame,
That they may ſeek Thy Name.
17. Let them confounded ever ſtand,
And periſh by Thy hand;
18. That men may know, *Iehovahs* Name
Rules all this earthly frame.

PSAL. 84.

Psal. LXXXIV.

1. HOw lovely, Thou great Lord of war,
Thy Tabernacles are!
2. My longing ſoule is faint, and pain'd,
Whilſt from thy Courts reſtrain'd.
My heart, my fleſh, with all that give
Me pow'r to move, or live,
Cry loud, till they admitted be
The living God to ſee.

3. Yea Sparrows find a houſe to reſt;
The Swallow builds hir neſt:
Their young they to thine Altar bring,
O Lord, my God and King.
4. Bleſſed are they, who all their daies
Thee in thy Temple praiſe.
5. Bleſt is the man, whoſe ſtrength Thou art;
Whoſe wayes direct his heart.

6. Who paſſing through the mournfull vale,
Where ſprings and comforts faile,
Make wells in *Baca's* barren plaine,
And pooles to fill with raine.

7. They

7. They go from ſtrength to ſtrength, nor faint
Through wearineſſe or want;
Till to thy Houſe approaching neare
In *Sion* they appeare.

8. Lord God of Hoſts, my prayer heare;
O *Iacob's* God give eare!
9. O God our Shield, looke downe with grace
On Thine Annointed's face.
10. One day, which in Thy Courts He ſpends,
Thouſands of ours tranſcends.
I rather keep a door with thee,
Then all earth's glory ſee.

11. For God our ſhield, our Sun, and light,
Crownes thoſe that walk upright.
12. or failes all good ſuch men to give,
Who in His Statutes live.
13. O Lord of Hoſts, great God of Might,
Who dwell'ſt in endleſſe light:
ow bleſſed ſhall that ſervant be,
Who puts his truſt in Thee?

PSAL. LXXXV.

PSAL. LXXXV.

1. LOrd! to thy land Thou good hast beē
Which hath Thy favour seen:
Thou *Iacob's* Off-spring hast set free
From thtir captivitie.
2. Thou thy forgivenes didst dispense,
To cover all offence. (burn'
3. Thou hast remov'd Thy wrath which
And from thy fiercenes turn'd.

4. Turne us O God of health, and peace,
O cause Thine anger cease.
5. Wilt Thou displeas'd for ever be
With all posterity?
6. Wilt Thou not us againe receive?
Thy peoples joyes enlive?
7. Lord shew That mercy which we want,
And Thy salvation grant.

8. I will what God declares attend,
For He His peace will send,
And cures His Saints of all their paine,
If they not sin againe.
9. For His salvation is near,
To such as do Him fear:

That glory in our land may dwell,
And all things prosper well.

10. Mercy with Truth united is;
Justice and Peace do kisse.
11. Truth springing out of earth is strook,
And Right from Heav'n doth look.
12. The Lord shall give us all things good;
Our land yield store of food.
13. Before Him Righteousnes shall go,
His wayes and steps to shew.

PSAL. LXXXVI.

BOw down thine eare (Lord) to my cry,
Poor, and in misery:
Preserve my guiltles soul, whose faith
On thee depended hath.

Shew mercy (Lord!) for, all the day,
Before thy throne I pray:
Rejoyce thy servants soul, which he
Lifts up (O Lord) to thee.

Thou good and gratious do'st live,
And ready to forgive:

Thou

Thou plenteous mercy keep'ſt in ſtore,
For all who Thee implore.

6. Unto my prayer (Lord) give eare,
My ſupplications heare:
7. In time of trouble, and of greife,
Thou ſendeſt me releife.

8. Among earths Gods, or Pow'rs Divine,
No works are like to thine.
9. The Nations all, whom Thou didſt frame
Shall glorifie Thy Name.

10. Thou wonders do'ſt (Great God) alone
11. Thy way to me make know'n.
My heart unto thy feare unite,
Who in thy name delight.

12. Then I my faculties will raiſe,
To honour Thee with praiſe;
13. Who do'ſt my ſoul in mercy ſave
From the devouring grave.

14. O God! the proud againſt me riſe,
In furious companies:
Ungodly men my life have ſought,
Who ſet thy pow'r at nought.

15. But Thou, a God compaſſionate,
Whoſe mercies not abate,

Long ſuff'ring art, and patient,
To pardon ſinners bent.

6. O turne to me in love againe;
Let me thy pity gaine.
Give ſtrength, and from deſtruction
O ſave Thine hand-maids ſon.

Some token of thy favour deigne,
Which may my haters ſhame.
Becauſe Thou Lord ha'ſt brought me aid,
And art my comfort made.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

UPon the Holy Mountaines breſt,
Where God Himſelf doth reſt,
His protection firmely ſtay'd
Are Her foundations lay'd.
The Lord, who *Sion* did elect,
Hir gates doth more affect,
Then all the num'rous tents beſide
Where *Jacob's* ſons abide.

Jeruſalem! thou City faire,
God's dwelling, and His care!

Of thee, thou throne of *Iudahs* Kings,
Are ſpoken glorious things.
4. I wil ſtrong *Rahab* mention,
With high-towr'd *Babylon*:
The ſcorched *Ethiopian* lands,
The plaines where *Tyrus* ſtands;

Philiſtia too ſhall reck'ned be,
With thoſe acknowledg me:
5. For ev'ry quarter of the earth
Gives *Sions* children birth.
God ſhall eſtabliſh Hir on high,
Hir numbers multiply:
When Nations far diſperſed ſhall
Be gather'd at His call.

6. And when the Lord His Churches fruits
With all Hir Sons computes,
They ſhall amongſt His people know'n
Be counted for his own.
7. The Singers too rehearſed are,
Who there His praiſe declare;
From whence ariſe freſh ſprings of Grace,
To water ev'ry place.

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. TO Thee (O Lord) who me do'ſt ſave,
Both day and night I cryed have.
2. Lend to my voice a gratious eare;
3. Whoſe troubled ſoul to death draws neare.
4. Caſt down to earth, I 'mongſt the dead
5. Am only free, and numbered.
Like thoſe who in the grave forgot,
By thee cut off, corrupt and rot.

6. Thou in the loweſt pit ha'ſt layd,
And darkeſt deeps my cov'ring made:
7. I am hard preſſed by Thy wrath,
And every wave afflicted hath:
8. Thou mine acquaintance haſt remov'd,
And ſever'd me from thoſe I lov'd:
Their friendſhip turned is to hate;
My life ſhut up, and deſolate.

9. My weeping eye doth daily mourne,
My hands ſtretch'd out, my hopes forlorne.
10. Wilt thou ſhew wonders to the dead,
To praiſe Thee rais'd, and wakened?

11. Shall the devouring grave declare,
How true thy promis'd mercies are?
12. Or ſhall the dark Thy wonders ſee,
The land where all forgotten be?

13. To Thee (O Lord) my cryes are ſent:
My prayer ſhall the morne prevent:
14 O why do'ſt Thou my ſoul reject,
And hid'ſt from me Thy bleſt aſpect?
15. Afflicted, and in miſery,
I almoſt ready am to dy;
From youth to age, in lifes each act,
Thy ſuffer'd terrours me diſtract?

16. Thy wrath quite over me doth go,
Thine indignation ſtrikes me ſo:
17. They, like the raging floods abound,
Or ſwelling waters, me ſurround.
18. My friends, and all my lovers are
By Thee, from my reliefe put far.
And thoſe who my acquaintance we
Conceal'd, or loſt, my ſight forbear

PSAL. LXXXIX.

Sing this as Pſalme 51.

1. MY Song thy mercies ſhall make
Thy truth to all ſucceſſion. (know

For They built up for ever laſt:
And are in Heav'n eſtabliſh'd faſt:
I to my choſen *David* ſware,
And did by Covenant declare;
I ſtabliſh will thy ſeed alone,
And build to Thee a laſting Throne.

The Heav'ns Thy wonders praiſe confeſſe,
And Saints proclaime thy faithfulneſſe.
For who in earth, or heaven are,
Whoſe might can with the Lord compare?
Fear'd by His Saints, by them implor'd,
And by His ſervants ſtill ador'd.
O Lord of Hoſts, who is ſo ſtrong?
Whoſe word, like thine, endures ſo long?

Thou rul'ſt the Seas that rage and riſe,
Whoſe ſwelling wave becalmed lies:
Thou *Rahab* brak'ſt, like one that's dead;
Thine arme thy foes hath ſcattered. (creaſe,
The Heav'ns are Thine, with earth's en-
And all the fulneſſe growes from theſe.
The North & South thy pow'r did frame,
Tabor and *Hermon* praiſe thy Name.

Thy mighty arme is lifted high;
Thy right hand full of Majeſty.
Thy Throne hath juſtice for its baſe,
Mercy and Truth before Thy face.

15. Bleſ-

15. Bleſſed are they, who at Thy Feaſts,
And in Thy preſence, are the gueſts.
16. They all the day rejoyce in Thee,
In righteouſnes exalted be.

17. Thy ſtrength and glory them adorne,
Whoſe favour ſhall lift up our horne.
18. The Lord to us doth ſafety bring;
Thy Holy one remaines our King.
19. In viſions Thou to Him haſt ſaid:
I on my choſen help have lay'd.
20. I have my ſervant *David* found,
With Oyle annointed Him, & crown'd

21. Confirm'd, and ſtrength'ned by my arm
I will protect his life from harme.
22. No enemy on Him exact,
Nor hurt him ſhall, by wicked pact:
23. His foes beat down before him fly,
And ſhall by plagues conſumed dy.
24. My mercy yet, to him aſſur'd,
Shall in his glory be ſecur'd.

Second Part.

26. His right hand, lifted ore the maine,
Shall to the in-land rivers reigne.
26. He, crying in his prayers, ſhall,
My God, and Rock, and Father, call:
27. I'le make him heire, my firſt begot;
Above earth's Kings advance his lot:

28.

To Him my mercy nere ſhall waſt;
My Covenant ſtand ever faſt.

His ſeed ſhall long endure, his Throne
Like Heav'ns unweary'd motion.
But if His Sons my Law forſake,
Or my Commands and Statutes break;
My rod ſhall puniſh their neglect,
My hand with ſtripes their ſin correct.
Yet ſhall my love to him prevaile,
My Covenant nor change, nor faile.

To *David* have I ſworne, that I
My promiſe would not falſify:
His ſeed ſhall governe, whil'ſt the ſun
About the world his courſe doth run;
And like the Moon eſtabliſh'd be
The faithfull pledg of my decree.
But thine annointed now thy wrath
Caſt off, and quite abhorred hath.

Thou voyd haſt made the Cov'nant ſeal'd;
Profan'd his crowne, his Rule repeal'd:
His Bulwarks broke, his fenſes torne,
Make him his neighbour's ſpoyle, & ſcorne.
Thou ſtrength'ned ha'ſt his foes right hand;
That he in battail cannot ſtand; (hand,
His ſword wants edge, His glory's gone;
And to the earth caſt down his throne.

45. Thou

45. Thou ſhort'ned haſt his youth; His fame
Obſcur'd, and cover'd is with ſhame.
46. Lord! wilt Thou ever from us turne?
Or ſhall, like fire, thine anger burne?
47. Remember yet how ſhort my dayes;
How vaine man's life, how ſoon decaie
48. What mortall lives, who ſhall not dy
And in the pit of ſilence ly?

49. Where are thy mercies (Lord!) the faith
Thy oath to *David* plighted hath?
50. Remember (Lord) thy ſervants ſhame;
How mighty people us defame:
51. Thinke how thy foes have us abus'd,
And thine Annointed's ſteps traduc'd
52. Yet ſhall my ſoul, how ere oppreſt,
Say evermore, The Lord be bleſt.

PSAL. XC.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. O Lord! Thou ha'ſt our refuge been;
All ages have thy mercies ſeene.
2. Before the lofty hills were made,
Or earth's unmov'd foundation lay'd:
Fr

From everlaſting Thou art God,
And wilt out live times period:
Thou turn'ſt to duſt the Sons of men:
Then ſay'ſt, Returne to life agen.

A thouſand yeares in thy account
But to a day with us amount:
Nor are extended in thy ſight,
Beyond the watch of one ſhort night:
Our time runs on like rapid ſtreams;
We vaniſh as forgotten dreams:
Like graſſe, or morning flowres, we ſpring;
Then wither in the evening.

When Thou diſpleaſed art, we waſt,
And unto nothing come at laſt.
Thou mark'ſt our deeds; our ſins of night
Are alwayes open to thy ſight;
Making the breach of thy pure Lawes,
Our death, and ſwift deſtructions cauſe.
From whence we ſuddenly waxe old,
Expiring like a tale that's told.

The common Age of mortall men
Exceeds not Threeſcore yeares and ten.
And if to Fourſcore they attaine,
Their life is but a length'ned paine.
Inceſſant ſorrowes, and diſeaſe,
Their faculties, and vigour ſeize.

For ſoon cut off our dayes decay,
And ſuddenly we flie away.

11. But who regards Thy heauy wrath,
Or of Thy feare true feeling hath?
Neither Thy judgements, nor Thy love,
Can us unto repentance move.
12. Lord! ſo our dayes to number teach,
We may the end of wiſedome reach:
And learne thoſe errours to forget,
Which us in Thy diſpleaſure ſet.

13 Returne (O Lord!) and now repent
At our endured puniſhment.
How long wilt Thou thy help delay,
Or not remove our woes away?
14. O ſatisfy our Soule with joyes,
To recompenſe Lifes paſt annoyes.
15. Afford us comfort for thoſe yeares,
We were enforc'd to ſpend in teares.

16. Lord! Let Thy glorious work appeare,
Thy ſervants from the duſt to reare.
That all ſucceeding times may know,
What praiſes to thy Name we owe.
17. O let thy beames of favour ſhine
On thoſe, who in death's ſhade have ly
Grant that for which we prayers ma
And proſper all we undertake.

PSAL. XCI.

WHo ſo in God's protection dwell,
Abide ſecure, and well:
or ſhadow'd by th' Almighties care
Both ſoul and body are.
I therefore to the Lord will ſay,
Thou art my hope and ſtay.
Thou art my refuge, my ſtrong hold,
Who do'ſt my faith embold.

He ſhall preſerve Thee from the net,
Which cunning hunters ſet:
otecting thee by His defenſe,
In times of Peſtilence.
He over thee His wings ſhall ſpread,
With ſafety covered:
d leaſt temptation make thee yield,
His truth ſhall be thy ſhield.

The gaſtly terrours of the night
Shall not thy peace affright:
r arrowes, which by day do kill,
Thy life with ſlaughter ſpill.
o tainted aire, or noyſome Peſt
Thy dwelling ſhall infeſt.

No perills, which at noon deſtroy,
Thy ſafety ſhall annoy.

7. Though Thouſands, or ten thouſands dy'd
Thick falling by thy ſide;
Thou ſhalt unhurt, and guarded ſtand
From ſickneſſe on each hand.
8. Thine eye the wicked ſhall behold
Unto deſtruction ſold:
9. Yet them nor feares, nor dangers ſhake,
Who God their refuge make.

10. No evill hap ſhall Thee diſtaſt,
Nor plague thy dwelling waſt.
11. For He his Angels ſhall command
Thy Centinells to ſtand.
12. In all thy wayes they ſhall thee keep,
Whither thou wake, or ſleep.
And leaſt a ſtone thy foot ſhould hurt,
Their hands ſhall thee ſupport.

13. No *Baſiliſk*, nor Adders ſting
Thy life in danger bring.
Thou ſhalt upon the Lion tread,
And bruiſe the Dragons head.
14. Becauſe his love is ſet on me,
I will his guardian be:
Since he acknowledg'd hath My name,
I will exalt his fame.

15. W

15. When ere he calls, I will him heare,
In trouble, and in feare.
I will to honour him advance;
And ſend deliverance.
16. With length of life, and happy daies
I will his comforts raiſe.
And when his time on earth is done,
Give him ſalvation.

PSAL. XCII.

Sing this as Pſalme 51.

1. IT is a good and bleſſed thing
Praiſe to Thy Name (moſt High) to ſing:
2. Thy kindnes 'fore the morning light
To ſhew, Thy faithfulnes each night.
3. Upon a ten-ſtring'd inſtrument
With Pſalteries well-tun'd concent,
And on the ſolemne ſounding Lyre,
Where all harmonious notes conſpire.

4. For Thou (O Lord) my heart haſt made,
Through all Thy hands atchieuements, glad;
Who, in Thy works, which earth do fill,
Rejoyce, and alwayes triumph will.
O Lord! how great Thy actions are?
Deep are Thy thoughts, and hidden far.

The brutish doe not this attend,
Nor will the fooles it apprehend.

7. When like the Grasse, or flow'rs which
The wicked men are flourishing, (spring
Ev'n then their quick destruction hasts.
8. But (Lord!) Thy glory ever lasts.
9. For lo, throw'n downe and scatter'd a
Thine enemies before Thee fall.
10. How ere, Thou wilt exalt my horne,
Like to the stately Unicorne.

With freshest oyle, and balme new shed,
Thou wilt annoint my conqu'ring head:
11. Mine eye shall see its just desire
On those, who 'gainst my life conspire:
And for those wicked enemies,
Who to my safeties hazard rise, (noug
Mine eares shall heare them come to
By Thy revenge to ruin brought.

12. The righteous like the Palme shall gro
Or Cedars on the mountaines brow.
13. Who in Gods House emplanted be,
Within His courts we prosper see.
14. In their old age they fruit shall bri
Continue fat, and flourishing:
15. To shew, the Lord my Rock is just,
With whom no wicked harbour mu

PSAL.

PSAL. XCIII.

1. THe Lord our God doth reigne on high,
Cloathed with Majeſty.
He veſted is with glorious light,
And girds Himſelfe with might.

The world created by His hand,
Eſtabliſhed doth ſtand
So faſt and firme upon its baſe,
It moves not from the place.

2. Yet far more ſtable, and more old,
Thy Throne (O Lord) ſhall hold:
Which, when earth's fabrick melts and waſts,
Like Thee, for ever laſts.

3. The floods (O Lord!) lift up their voice,
In uproare, and in noyſe,
The ſwelling waves up-lifted riſe,
To band againſt the skies.

4. Yet is the Lord more mighty far
Then thoſe proud waters are:
And ſtronger then the Oceans wave,
Which winds enchafed have.

5. Thy Teſtimonies true and ſure
Eternally endure.
And holynes becomes (O God!)
The houſe of Thine aboad.

PSAL. XCIV.

1. O God! who juſt revenge doſt take,
Now let Thy vengeance wake.
2. Great Judge of earth ariſe, from hence
The proud to recompence.
3. How long (Lord) ſhall their wicked hoſ
How long triumph and boaſt?
4. How long ſhall their inſulting tongue
Joy in Thy ſervants wrong?

5. They break Thy people (Lord) in rage,
Afflict Thine heritage.
6. They widowes ſlay, the poor oppreſs,
And kill the fatherleſs.
7. Yet hard'ned in preſumption, they,
The Lord not ſees us, ſay;
Great *Iacobs* God doth not regard,
Nor will the ſin reward.

8. Take heed yee brutiſh and unwiſe,
Who thus your crimes diſguiſe.

Yee fooliſh people of the land,
When will yee underſtand?
. Think ye, that he who plants the eare
Unable is to heare?
Or ſhall not he, who form'd the eye,
Your wickednes deſcry?

0. Shall he, who Nations overthrew,
Not know to puniſh you?
1. To whoſe all-ſearching view is brought
The vainnes of mans thought.
2. Bleſſed, (O Lord) and happy he,
Who chaſt'ned is by Thee;
Whom Thou in mercy do'ſt correct,
And in Thy Law direct.

3 That though with croſſes over-preſt,
He may in patience reſt,
Till for tranſgreſſors ruin he
A pit prepared ſee.
4. For God his people not rejects,
Nor his own choiſe neglects:
5. But judgement all their wrongs ſhall right,
And comfort the upright.

6. Who will with me againſt thoſe riſe,
Who work iniquities?
7. But, from the Lord my help was ſeen,
My ſoule had ſilenc'd been.

18. When I, my ſlipping foot, complain'd,
Thy mercy me ſuſtain'd,
19. When thoughts my grieved ſoul excite,
Thy comforts hir delight.

20. Wilt Thou ſupport the wicked's throne
Or joyne it with Thine owne?
Who, under Laws, and Reaſon's name,
Their acts of miſchief frame.
21. Whoſe meetings, and whoſe plots are ben
The juſt to circumvent.
Who ſit in Counſaile, ſoules to kill,
And guiltles blood to ſpill.

22. But yet the Lord is my defenſe,
God is my confidence;
My Rock, my refuge, and my tow'r,
To ſave me by His pow'r.
23. He on their heads the ills ſhall bring
Which from themſelves did ſpring.
And in their ſins God's vengfull hand
Shall cut them from the land.

PSAL. XCV.

1. O Come, and let us to the Lord,
Our cheerfull Songs record:
Unto our Rock lift up our voice,
And make a joyfull noyse.
2. Let us with praise sent up on high
Approach His presence nigh:
With Psalmes and Anthems glad expresse
Our bounden thankfulnes.

3. He is the God and King, whose hand
The spatious earth hath spann'd:
4. By Him steep hills, and seas were made;
5. The dry land by Him lay'd.
6. Come, let us worship and adore,
Kneel downe the Lord before:
7. For He our God is, we His care,
His sheep, and people are.

To day if ye His voice will heare,
8. No hard'ned heart bring neare;
Like that provoking in the day
You in the desart lay.
9. When your fore-fathers tempted me,
Who did my wonders see: 10. And

10. And forty yeares you Tribes did paſs,
Wherein I grieved was.

I ſaid, my people err in heart,
And wilfully depart;
My wayes preſcrib'd they have not know'n,
Nor in my precepts gone.
11. To whom my juſt incenſed wrath
By oath proteſted hath,
Thoſe murmurers ſhould nere be bleſt,
Or enter to my reſt.

PSAL. XCVI.

Sing this as Pſalme 51. *or* 100.

1. A New Song to the Lord rehearſe,
Sing to him all the Univerſe.
2. O bleſſe his Name, in Songs diſplay
His ſaving mercies every day.
His glory, and his wonders tell
3. To Nations who far diſtant dwell.
4. This great Lord muſt be greatly prais'd,
Whoſe feare above all Gods is rais'd.

5. For Heathen Gods are Idols vaine:
But 'tis the Lord doth heav'n ſuſtaine.

6. Hono

6. Honour, and awe are him before,
His ſanctuary ſtrong in pow'r.
7. Ye kindreds then on earth that live,
Unto the Lord due honour give:
8. Aſcribe all glory to his Name,
And let his Courts with off'rings flame.

9. O worſhip him, your zeale expreſs,
In beauty, and in holineſs.
Let all the earth before him feare,
And ſay, God doth the Scepter beare.
10. The world ſhall be eſtabliſh'd ſo,
It ſhall not from its faſt'nings go.
He to the people righteouſly
His finall judgment ſhall apply.

11. Let earth be glad, and heav'n rejoyce;
The roaring Ocean make a noyſe:
12. Be glad ye fruits ſprung from the fields,
With all the trees the forreſt yields:
13. For lo, to judgment God doth come,
He comes to give the earth it's doome;
His juſt revenge the world purſu'th,
To judge the people with his truth.

PSAL. CII.

PSAL: XCVII.

1. LEt earth rejoyce that God doth reigne
And Iſles within the maine.
2. Darknes and clouds waite Him upon;
And Juſtice is His Throne.

3. Devouring fire before Him goes,
To burne His circling foes.
4. Throughout the world His lightnings (blaze
Which trembling earth amaze.

5. Hills at his preſence turn'd to fume,
Like melting wax conſume;
6. The Heav'ns His righteouſnes proclaime
And men confeſſ His fame.

7. Let quick perdition all confound
To worſhip Idols bound:
Who boaſt in Stocks, and from Him ſwerve
Whom all the Gods muſt ſerve.

8. *Sion* and *Iudah* both rejoyc'd,
To heare Thy judgments voyc'd;
9. With whoſe exalted ſtate none dare,
Or men, or Gods, compare.

10. W

10. Who love the Lord, and do His will,
See that ye hate all ill:
He doth from wicked hands protect
The ſoules of His Elect.

11. Unto the Godly ſprings a light,
And joy to the upright.
12. Let righteous men their Lord then bleſs,
And praiſe His Holines.

PSAL. XCVIII.

1. VNto the Lord your Songs renew,
Who marvailes wrought for you.
His holy arme, and His right hand
The victory hath gain'd.

2. God His ſalvation hath made know'n,
His truth to Heathens ſhew'n.
3. His mercies have remembred been,
Earth His Salvation ſeen.

4 Make to the Lord a joyfull noyſe;
Earth, in lowd Songs rejoyce:
5, With Harps unto your Maker ſing,
And Pſalmes tun'd to the ſtring.

6. With

6. With Trumpets, and the Cornets ſound
Let your full joyes rebound.
All in your ſhrilleſt accents ſing
Before the Lord your King.

7, Let roaring Seas for gladnes ſwell;
The world with thoſe there dwell:
8. Floods clap their hands, the waves combine,
All Hills in praiſes joyne.

9. For lo, to Judgment God doth come,
To give the earth it's doome.
With juſtice He the world will try,
And men with Equity.

PSAL. XCIX.

1. THe Lord doth reigne: ye people all
With trembling 'fore Him fall.
His throne 'twixt *Cherubs* He doth make:
Let earth be mov'd and ſhake.
2. The Lord is in His *Sion* great,
Above the world His Seat;
3. Let all the Holines proclaime
Of His moſt awfull Name.

4. This King of ſtrength true Judgment love
And equity approves, Tho

Thou do'ſt Thy righteous judgments fruit
In *Iacob* execute.
5. Exalt the Lord, and Him adore,
His foot-ſtoole fall before.
6. *Moſes*, and *Aaron* 'mongſt His Prieſts,
On whom His ſervice reſts.

And *Samuel* 'mongſt thoſe that came
To ſupplicate His Name.
Theſe call'd on Him, and when they pray'd,
He gratious anſwer made.
7. He from the pillar of the Cloud
Did ſpeak to them aloud:
Whoſe Teſtimonies they obay'd,
Nor from His ſtatutes ſtray'd.

8. Thou anſwer'dſt them, O Lord our God!
With mercy us'dſt Thy rod:
Their ſins Thy wrath did not forbear;
Yet they forgiven were.
9. The Lord our God then magnify;
Exalt His praiſe on high:
And worſhip at His ſacred Hill;
For God is holy ſtill.

PSAL. C.

PSAL. C.

1. MAke to the Lord a joyfull noyſe,
All lands to Him lift up your voice:
2. Serve Him with gladnes, let your tongue
Approach His preſence with a Song.

3. Know He is God, by whoſe hand we,
And not our own, created be:
We are His people, and the ſheep
His folds encloſe, His paſtures keep.

4. Enter with thanks His dwelling place,
And let His Courts reſound with praiſe:
Your gratitude to Him profeſs;
His glorious Name for ever bleſs.

5. For He is good, and great His care,
His mercies everlaſting are;
His truth eternally ſhall laſt,
When Time, and all ſucceſſions waſt.

PSAL. CI.

1. I Mercy will, and Judgment ſing,
To Thee my Lord and King.
2. I wiſely will my ſteps direct
In wayes of Thine elect.
O when wilt Thou to me come neare?
Thy preſence when appear?
Who in my houſe with perfect heart
Will nere from Thee depart.

3. No wicked thing before mine eyes
Will I behold, or prize.
I hate the work of them, whoſe pride
From Thee doth turne aſide.
4. A wicked man, and froward heart
Shall from my thoughts depart:
Nor with the ſinfull, or perverſe
My knowledg ſhall converſe.

5. I will cut off the man, whoſe ſpight
His neighbour doth back-bite.
With him, whoſe heart, or look is high,
I never will comply.
6. Upon the faithfull of the land
Mine eyes ſhall fixed ſtand.

Who

Who walketh in the perfect way,
Shall in my ſervice ſtay.

7. My houſe ſhall never give receit
To him that works deceit:
Nor ſhall he tarry in my ſight,
Who doth in lyes delight.
8. All thoſe in wickedneſs that joy
I early will deſtroy;
And from the City of the Lord
Cut all whom He abhorr'd.

PSAL. CII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. HEare me (O Lord!) and let my cry
To Thy bright throne aſcend on hig
2. Hide not Thy face in time of need,
But anſwer my requeſt with ſpeed.
3. For all my daies away conſume
Like to the ſmoak, or riſing fume.
My bones like fired brands became,
Burnt up & ſcorch'd in ſorrowes flam

4. My heart like graſs is withered,
And I forget to eat my bread:

I waſt and pine in daily groanes,
That ſcarſe my fleſh cleaves to my bones:
Like Pelicans remov'd from ſight,
Or Owles in deſarts ſhunning light:
As ſparrowes their loſt mates bemoane,
So do I watch, and ſit alone.

I with reproach all day am torne
Of enemies againſt me ſworne;
I aſhes eat inſtead of bread,
nd drink the tears my ſorrows ſhed. (grow'n
. Which miſcheifs from thy wrath are
Since thou who rais'd, haſt caſt me down.
. Thus like the dark declining ſhade,
Or dying flow'r, I hourely fade.

. Yet thou (O Lord doſt ſtill endure,
From times ſucceſſive change ſecure.
. Thou therefore ſhalt in mercy riſe,
And *Sion* help, which ruin'd lies;
The time is come for hir repaire,
. Whoſe ſtones and rubbiſh prized are.
Thy ſervants pity hir neglect,
And on hir duſt with ſighs reflect.

. So ſhall the Heathen feare Thy Name,
And Kings Thy Majeſty proclaime.
. When God ſhall *Sions* buildings reare,
And in His glory ſhall appeare;

17. He

17. He will regard the poor man's ſuit,
And not deſpiſe the deſtitute:
18. This ſhall be written for record,
That after Times may praiſe the Lord.

Second Part.

19. The Lord from high His beams diſplay'd
And, out of Heaven, earth ſurvay'd;
20. The Captives fetters to unty,
And Pris'ners ſave condemn'd to dy.
21. That ſo in *Sions* bleſſed hill,
And *Salem* which His wonders fill,
22. They may His name, and praiſe declare
When all the people gather'd are.

23. He hath my ſtrength to weaknes brought
My Short'ned dayes are come to nought:
24. So that to God I thus did pray;
O take me not as yet away:
Nor caſt me off from this lifes ſtage,
In prime of youth, and mid'ſt of age.
For though My dayes be few, and frail
Thy yeares, O God, will never faile.

25. Thou (Lord) haſt earth's foundation laid
And by Thy hand the Heav'ns were made
They all ſhall periſh, and decay,
And in their time conſume away.
Like to a garment, when grow'n old
They ſhall nor uſe, nor motion hold

But though the world, and they muſt fall,
Thy Being is perpetuall.

7. Yea as a veſture worne, and chang'd,
Is from it's gloſs and forme eſtrang'd:
So Shalt Thou change this maſſy frame;
Yet ſtill Thy ſelfe abide the ſame.
8. And like Thy ſelfe from changes freed,
Thou wilt prolong Thy ſervants ſeed;
Whoſe children ſhall remaine with Thee,
And in Thy ſight eſtabliſht be.

PSAL. CIII.

As Pſalme 51.

MY Soul thy beſt devotion raiſe
To bleſs the Lord, and ſing His praiſe.
O never unremembred be
The benefits He powr'd on thee:
Whoſe pardon doth all ſins releaſe,
And keep thy body from diſeaſe:
Who thee redeem'd, to death caſt downe,
And doth thy life with mercies crowne.

Who with good things ſhall fill thy mouth;
And eagle-like renew thy youth.

6. He

6. He by right judgment hath redreſt
All ſuch as are by wrong oppreſt.
7. His wayes have know'n to *Moſes* been;
The *Iſraelites* His works have ſeen.
8. All which His will, and nature ſhew,
To mercy ſwift, to vengeance ſlow.

9. He will not alwayes with us chide;
Nor let His anger long abide:
10. Nor deales according to our ſin,
Nor have our crimes rewarded bin.
11. For high as Heav'n is earth above,
So large, ſo boundleſs is his love;
12. Removing all our ſins as far,
As Eaſt and Weſt divided are.

13. Yea like a Father's to his Son,
To us is his compaſſion.
14. He knowes our frame too weak to truſ
Remembring that we are but duſt.
15. The daies of man, like to the graſs,
Or fading flow'r, to nothing paſs.
16. Which blow'n and ſhaken by the wind,
Leave neither place, nor print behind.

17. His goodnes though, confirm'd, and ſi
To childrens children doth endure.
18. Ev'n unto ſuch, whoſe cleare intents
Walk after His Commandements.

19.

9. The Lord in heav'n prepares His throne,
And governs all the world alone.
0 therefore bleſs that pow'rfull Lord,
Who made, and rules us by His word.

0. Ye Angels that in ſtrength excell,
And never 'gainſt His word rebell:
1. Ye winged Miniſters, who ſtill
Prepared are to act His will:
e Heav'nly hoſts, and creatures all,
2. Bleſs Him, and at His foot-ſtool fall.
aſtly my Soul thy Maker praiſe,
And bleſs His goodnes all thy daies.

PSAL. CIV.

As Pſalme 51.

MY Soul the Lord for ever bleſs:
O God! Thy greatneſſe all confeſs;
hom Majeſty and honour veſt,
n robes of Light eternall dreſt.
He Heaven makes his Canopy;
His chambers in the waters ly:
His Chariot is the cloudy ſtorme,
nd on the wings of wind is borne.

4. He Spirits makes His Angels quire;
His Miniſters a flaming fire.
5. He ſo did earth's foundations caſt,
It might remaine for ever faſt:
6. Then cloath'd it with the ſpatious deep,
Whoſe wave outſwells the mountaines
7. At Thy rebuke the waters fled, (ſteep
And hid their thunder-frighted head.

8. They from the mountaines ſtreaming flow
And downe into the Vallies go:
Then to their liquid center haſt,
Where their collected floods are caſt.
9. Theſe in the Ocean met, and joyn'd,
Thou haſt within a bank confin'd:
Not ſuff'ring them to paſs their bound,
Leaſt earth by their exceſs be drown'd.

10. He from the hills his Chriſtall ſprings
Down running to the vallies brings:
11. Which drink ſupply, and coolnes yield,
To thirſting beaſts throughout the field.
12. By them the fowles of heaven reſt,
And ſinging in their branches neſt.
13. He waters from his clouds the Hills;
The teeming earth with plenty fills.

14. He graſs for Cattle doth produce,
And every Herbe for humane uſe:

hat ſo He may His creatures feed,
nd from the earth ſupply their need.
. He makes the cluſters of the vine,
To glad the Sons of men with wine.
He oyle to cheere the face imparts,
And bread, the ſtrength'ner of their hearts.

Second Part.

.The trees, which God for fruit decreed,
Nor ſap, nor moyſt'ning vertue need.
The lofty *Cedars* by His hand
In *Lebanon* emplanted ſtand.
Unto the birds theſe ſhelter yield,
And Storks upon the fir-trees build:
Wild goats the hills defend, and feed,
And in the Rocks the Conies breed.

He made the changing Moone appeare,
To note the ſeaſons of the yeare.
The Sun from Him his ſtrength doth get,
And knows the meaſure of his Set.
Thou mak'ſt the darkneſs of the night,
When beaſts creep forth that ſhunn'd the (light.
Young Lions, roaring after prey,
From God their hunger muſt allay.

When the bright Sun caſts forth his ray,
Down in their Dennes themſelvs they lay.
Man's labour, with the morne begun,
Continues till the day be done.

24. O Lord! what wonders haſt thou mad
In providence and wiſedome layd?
The earth is with Thy riches crown'd
25. And Seas, where creatures moſt abound

26. There go the ſhips, which ſwiftly fly,
There great *Leviathan* doth ly,
Who takes his paſtime in the flood:
27. All theſe do waite on Thee for food.
28. Thy bounty is on them diſtill'd,
Who are by Thee with goodnes fill'd.
29 But when thou hid'ſt Thy face, they d
And to their duſt returned ly.

30. Thy ſpirit all with life endues,
The ſpringing face of earth renewes.
31. Gods glory ever ſhall endure,
Pleas'd in His works, from change ſecur
32. Upon the earth He looketh downe,
Which ſhrinks & trembles at His frow
His lightnings touch, or thunders ſtro
Wil make the proudeſt mountains ſmo

33. To Him my Ditties, whil'ſt I live,
Or being have, ſhall praiſes give:
34 My Meditations will be ſweet,
When fixt on Him my comforts meet.
35. Upon the earth let ſinners rot,
In place, and memory forgot.

But thou, my ſoul, thy Maker bleſs;
Let all the world His praiſe expreſs,

PSAL. CV.

1. O Thank the Lord, invoke His Name,
His deeds to all proclaime.
2. With Pſalmes His praiſes celebrate,
His wond'rous works relate.
3. Glory in Him ye whoſe deſires,
And heart for God enquires,
4. Seek ye the Lords all-pow'rfull might,
His faces glorious light.

5. The works of wonder He hath done,
And Judgments think upon,
6. Ye who from faithfull *Abraham*,
And choſen *Iacob* came.
7. He is the Lord, whoſe judgments ſhow'n
Through all the earth are know'n:
8. He Cov'nant keeps in word and deed,
To thouſands that ſucceed.

9. To *Abraham*, and *Izaak* both
He promis'd with an oath;
10. And for a Law His ſacred pact
To *Iacob* did enact:

11. In which He vow'd, that *Israel*
In *Canaans* Land should dwell;
12. When they in number weak, and few,
Nor place, nor people knew.

13. When they much time in travailes spent
Through divers Nations went;
14. All those that wrong'd them He remov'd
And Kings for them reprov'd.
15. To whom He said (by His command
That none should them withstand;)
'Gainst mine Anointed lift no arme,
Nor do my Prophets harme.

16. A famine through the land He spread,
Which brake their staffe of bread.
17. Yet He by *Ioseph* had decreed
He would His people feed:
18. Whose feet, when into bondage sold,
They did in fetters hold;
19. Till God ordained his release,
And gave his triall ease.

20. The King sent, from Captivitie
To loose, and set him free.
21. He made him all His house command,
Cheife Ruler of the Land.
22. Yea he such Sov'raigne pow'r resign'd,
He might his Princes bind:

A

And, tutor'd by His counſailes wiſe,
His Senators adviſe.

Second Part.

23. Then *Jacob* into *Egypt* came,
A Sojourner in *Ham*.
24. Where his encreaſed people growes
Much ſtronger then their foes:
25. Whoſe heart He turn'd their name to hate,
And uſe them with deceit:
26. Till *Moſes* for their ſuccour ſent,
With choſen *Aaron* went.

27. They moſt prodigious wonders ſhew'd,
And ſignes in *Hams* aboad:
28 Where darkneſs, blacker then their nights,
In midſt of noone affrights:
The foggs, and vapours Him obey,
By putting out the day.
29. Fiſh in their waters turn'd to blood
Were ſmother'd in the Flood.

30. Now *Egypt* frogs abundant brings
In chambers of their Kings.
31. He ſpake, and ſwarmes of Flies ariſe;
Their coaſts are fill'd with Lice.
32. For raine, He haile and tempeſt powres,
And flames of fire, for ſhowres:
With ſtorme their Vines and Fig-trees ſhook,
Through all their land were broke.

34. Locuſts, and caterpillers bred,
Not to be numbered,
35 All herbs and fruits that could be found
Devoured on the ground.
36. Their firſt borne He through *Egypt* ſlew,
Their cheifeſt ſtrength orethrew.
37 But brought His People forth with wealth
Not one decay'd in health.

38. *Egypt* was glad and quit of feare,
When They departed were.
39. Whoſe guide by day the cloud became,
And in the night a Flame.
40. On quailes His longing people fed,
From Heav'n He gave them bread.
41. He from the rock made waters flow,
Springs in dry places grow.

42. To *Abraham* His promiſe made
He in remembrance had;
43. He brought with joy His people thence,
Secur'd by His defenſe.
44 And gave Them for their lot a ſoyle
Enrich'd by others toyle:
45 That in His Statutes they might live.
To him all praiſes give.

PSAL. CVI.

Sing this as Psalme 51.

1. O Praiſe and thank our gratious God,
Whoſe mercy knowes no period.
2. Who can His mighty acts declare?
Or ſhew how due His praiſes are?
3. They bleſſed are who judg aright,
And alwayes in the Truth delight.
4. Lord think on me with Thine Elect;
Let Thy ſalvation me protect.

5. Me to Thy Choſen's joyes aduance,
The bliſs of Thine inheritance.
6. Our ſins with ſorrow we confeſs,
Who, like our Fathers, ſtill tranſgreſs.
7. Thy works in *Egypt* they forgot,
Thy mercies there remembred not:
But at the Sea did Him provoke,
8. Who yet their ſafety not forſook.

9. The Red Sea he rebuk'd, and dry'd,
Whoſe waters wall'd them on each ſide.
And through its depths uncovered,
As ſafe, as through the deſart, led:

10. Sav'd them from foes that did purſue;
11. All which the waters overthrew.
12. Then they beleev'd, and praiſes gave;
13. Though ſoon forgat, who them did ſav

14. They luſted in the wildernes,
And God by their temptations preſs;
15. Who was to their requeſt attent;
Into their ſoules though leannes ſent.
16. They *Moſes* in the Camp envy'd,
And *Aaron's* office vilify'd.
17. For which earth open'd to devour
Abiram's Troops, and *Dathan's* pow'r.

18. Then kindled was a furious fire,
Which burnt up thoſe that did conſpire.
19. Their hands a Calfe in *Horeb* made;
And to the Molten Image pray'd.
20. His glory thus who them releaſt
Was now converted to a beaſt.
21. And *Egypts* wonders, the Red Sea,
22. Or Land of *Ham*, forgotten be.

23. Then God, He would deſtroy them, ſaid
Till *Moſes* interceſſion made:
Who in the deadly breach did ſtand,
To turn away His vengfull hand.
24. His promis'd Land they now deſpiſe,
25. And murmurs in their tents ariſe:

26. Th

26. That in the Desart He decreed,
27. To scatter them, and all their seed.

Second Part.

28. To *Baal Peor* joyn'd, they fed
On sacrifices to the dead.
29. Still their inventions Him provoke;
For which the Plague upon them broke.
30. Then *Phinehas* aveng'd th' offence,
And staid the mortall pestilence:
31. Which all successions held a seale
Of righteousnes, and holy zeale.

32. Then at the waters where they strove,
They did againe His anger move:
Where it so ill with *Moses* went,
He suffer'd in their punishment.
33. Because his spirit, meek and mild,
Provoked was, whilst they revil'd:
And discontented for their sake,
Some unadvised language spake.

34. The sinfull Nations of the Land
They not destroy'd at Gods command:
35. But learn'd their rites, with heathens mixt;
36. Ensnar'd, while on their Idols fixt.
37. As gifts to Divels offered, (shed:
Their Sonnes, and daughters blood they
38. Whose guiltless lives to Idols slaine
Did all the Land of *Canaan* staine.

39. Thus

39. Thus they defil'd a whoring went,
In impious works themſelves invent.
40. Therefore the Lords enkindled rage
Abhorred His own heritage.
41. He gave Them up to Heathen pow'rs;
Their haters made Their conquerours:
42. Oppreſt they were, by foes ſubdu'd;
43. Yet ſav'd, as oft their ſins renew'd.

44. But hearing their afflicted Cry,
He pitty'd their calamity.
45. He moſt compaſſionate, and kind,
His Covenant recall'd to mind,
And in his mercy did repent
The ſharpnes of their puniſhment.
46. He made ev'n thoſe with pity look,
Who Them before had captives took.

47. Save us, O Lord our God! protect,
And from the Heathen us collect:
To thank thy Name through all our daies
And triumph in Thy mercies praiſe.
48. O let the God of *Iſrael*
Be bleſt, whoſe benefits excell.
To Him be praiſes endleſs pay'd:
And let *Amen* by all be ſay'd.

PSAL. CVI.

PSAL. CVII.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. O Thank the goodnes of our God,
Whose mercy knowes no period.
2. Let *Israel* confess, His hands
3. Have gather'd them from forraigne lands:
From North, and South, & East, and West,
4. Where they no City had to rest:
But in the wildernes dispersst,
5. With hunger pin'd, and faint with thirst.

6. Then they their Cries to God address,
Who them deliver'd from distress.
7. He them directed in his way,
To find a City for their stay.
8. O then that men would praise the Lord,
Who such great goodness doth afford:
Recording both by tongue and pen
His wonders to the sons of men.

9. The longing soul He satiates still,
The hungry doth with goodness fill,
10. Who sit in darkness, and death's shade,
In iron and affliction lay'd.

11. Be-

11. Becauſe 'gainſt God they did rebell,
And from His words, and counſaile fell,
12. Therefore their heart by labours broke
Found none to eaſe them from their (yoak

13. Then they their cries to God addreſs,
Who them deliver'd from diſtreſs:
14 He them from death and darknes brought
And freedome from their bondage wrought
15. O then that men would praiſe the Lord
Who ſuch great goodnes doth afford;
Recording both by tongue and pen
His wonders to the Sons of men.

16. For He the gates of braſs hath broke,
The iron barres in ſunder ſtrook.
17. The fooliſh for their acted ſin
Have by His hand afflicted bin.
18. So that their ſoul in ſicknes caſt,
Abhorring meat, could nothing taſt.
19. Then they their cries to God addreſs
Who them deliver'd from diſtreſs.

20. His word He ſent them, which reveal'd,
Their ſorrowes, and dejections heal'd.
21. O then that men would praiſe the Lord,
Who ſuch great mercies doth afford;
Recording both by tongue and pen
His wonders to the Sons of men.

22. An

22. And let their Songs of gladnes riſe,
To pay their thankfull ſacrifice.

Second Part.

23. They that in ſhips their trafick keep,
24. Behold Gods wonders in the deep.
25. For he commands the ſtorme to blow,
26. Whoſe billowes them to heaven throw:
Then downe they fall, as if their graves
Were made beneath the gaping waves.
27. They ſtagger to and fro, and reele,
And like a drunkard rowles the keele.

28. Then they their cries to God addreſs,
Who them delivers from diſtreſs:
29. He calmes the ſtorme, whoſe rage gives ore;
30. And lands them on the wiſhed ſhore.
31. O then that men would praiſe the Lord,
Who ſuch great goodnes doth afford;
Recording both by tongue and pen
His wonders to the Sons of men.

32. In great aſſemblies bleſs his Name,
And 'mongſt the Elders ſpeak his fame:
33. Who rivers like a deſart dryes;
Makes parched ſands, where ſprings did riſe.
34. He barren makes a fruitfull ground,
For ſins which in the Land abound.
35. Then to a poole the deſart brings,
And turns dry grounds to water ſprings.

36. There

36. There He the hungry ſoules hath fill'd,
That they may live, and Cities build:
37. To plant the vine, and ſowe the field,
Which may hir fruits with plenty yield.
38. He multiplies, and gives them peace,
Their flocks not ſuff'ring to decreaſe.
39. Againe they few, when ſinfull, grow;
His puniſhments then brought them
(low

40. He mighty Princes put to ſcorne,
Makes them like wanderers forlorne.
41. Yet ſetteth He the poor on high,
And ſpreads like flocks his family.
42. The righteous will rejoyce to ſee,
When envies mouth ſhall ſtopped be.
43. Who ſo is wiſe, will hence record
The loving kindnes of the Lord.

PSAL. CVIII.

1. O God my heart is fix'd, and bent,
Prepared my intent.
I will Thy might in ſongs of praiſe,
And glorious ditties raiſe.
2. Wake Pſaltery, and harp awake,
The morning I will take;

3. Th

3. That through the world my early verſe
Thy praiſes may diſperſe.

4. Thy mercy 'bove the Heaven extends,
Thy truth the clouds tranſcends.
5. Be Thou exalted 'bove the skies,
'Bove earth in glory riſe.
6. That Thy beloved ſtill may be
From all invaſion free;
Thy right hand in their ſafety reare,
And their petitions heare.

7. God by his truth did oft profeſs,
He would his ſervants bleſs.
I will divide faire *Shechems* ſoile,
And *Succoths* valley ſpoile.
8. *Manaſſeh*, *Gilead*, both are mine,
In war ſhall *Ephraim* ſhine:
But *Iudah's* Scepter all muſt aw,
And give my people Law.

9. *Moab* ſhall be a dunghill grow'n,
Proud *Edom* overthrow'n.
Philiſtia's boaſted triumphs ſhall
Be buried in hir fall.
10. Who mee will to the City lead,
Fierce *Edoms* ſtrength and head?
That I may breake hir fenſed gate,
And trample on hir ſtate?

11. O Thou my God, who caſt'dſt us off,
And mad'ſt our force their ſcoff!
Wilt not Thou with our armies go,
To quell th' inſulting foe?
12. From trouble ſave us once againe;
For help of man is vaine.
Through God we ſhall in battaile riſe,
And foyle our enemies.

PSAL. CIX.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

1. GOd of my praiſe! nor ſilent be,
Nor unattentive unto me.
2. For wicked mouths me falſely wrong,
And wound me with their lying tongue.
3. They compaſs me with words of hate,
And cauſeleſs vex me with debate.
4. For all my friendſhip they are foes:
But I my grief in pray'r diſcloſe.

5. My good with evill they requite,
And my affection pay with ſpight.
6. Let wicked rulers him command,
And *Satan* ſtand at his right hand,

7.

7. Let him, when judg'd, receive his doome,
And let his pray'r, his ſin become.
8. His daies both few, and irkſome make,
His office let another take.

9 May fatherleſs his children live;
His wife forlorne, a widow grieve:
10. Like vagrants let them want their bread;
And, where they beg it, not be fed.
11. Let him be made extortions ſpoyle,
And ſtrangers reap his harveſts toyle.
12. None him their pitties object make,
Nor on his ſeed compaſſion take.

13. His name from earth, and Off-ſpring blot,
In the ſucceeding age forgot.
14. And ever let the Lord retaine
His Fathers ſin, and Mothers ſtaine.
15 Still let them ſtand before His ey,
To cut from earth his memory:
16. Who mercileſs the poor purſu'd,
And wounds of broken hearts renew'd.

17. Feele he thoſe curſes which he lou'd;
All bleſſings be from him remov'd.
18. As curſes cloath'd him round about,
So ſeize they him, within, without;
Like water through his bowels flow'd,
Or oyle into his bones beſtow'd:

19. So

19. So let them cloath, and gird him faſt,
Returning on himſelf at laſt.

20. Thus let the Lord reward my foes,
Who to reproach my ſoul expoſe.
21. But for the mercies of Thy Name,
Deliver me (O Lord) from ſhame.
22. For I am poor, and preſt with need;
My wounded heart doth inward bleed.
23. I like the falling ſhadow go;
As puffs of wind the Locuſts throw.

24. My feeble knee through faſting failes,
And faintnes ore my fleſh prevailes:
25. I am their ſcorne and laughter bred,
They looking on me ſhake their head.
26. Help me (O Lord!) who mercy crave;
27. That they may know, thy hand can ſav
28. Bleſs when they curſe; their pride confou
But let me live with gladnes crown'd.

29. Lord! let my ſhamed enemy
In ſharp confuſion cloathed ly.
30. So ſhall Thy praiſes with my tongue
Be in the full aſſembly ſung.
31. For God will at the poor's right han
By His protection, ready ſtand;
To ſave his innocence from them,
Who wrongfully his ſoul condemne.

PSAL. CX.

1. THe Lord, whoſe pow'r all things doth ſway,
Unto my Lord did ſay:
Sit at my right hand, till thou ſee,
Thy foes Thy foot-ſtool be.

2. The Lord Thy Scepter ſhall extend,
And ſtrength from *Sion* ſend;
That all Thine enemies below
May to Thy Kingdome bow.

3. The people in great numbers ſhall
That day before Thee fall;
Whoſe glorious Birth, and youthfull hue
Is as the morning dew.

4. The Lord hath ſworne, who not repents
His long decreed intents,
Thou dʃt from great *Melchiſedek*
Thy Royall Prieſt-hood take.

5. God at Thy right hand Kings ſhall wound,
And Nations ſtrong confound:
Whoſe countries ſhall be overſpread
With Bodies of their dead.

7. He

7. He of the River in the way
Shall drink, his thirſt to ſtay:
And his victorious head advance
In our Deliverance.

PSAL. CXI.

To the uſuall Tune.

1. PRaiſe God: with heart and tongue,
The Quire of Saints among,
His praiſes ſhall be ſung.
2 The works of God are great;
All thoſe will them repeat,
Whoſe thoughts on Him are ſet.

3. His actions glorious are,
Renown'd and honour'd far;
Nor can His truth empaire:
4. His wonders fill our thought,
Who hath compaſſion wrought;
And pitty ſhewes, when ſought.

5. He hath His ſervants fed,
Giv'n thoſe, that fear Him, bread,
His Cov'nant ſtabliſhed:

6. Hi

His pow'r to them expreſt,
And made His people reſt,
Where Heathen late poſſeſt.

What ever wrought His hands,
In truth and judgment ſtands,
And ſure are His Commands:
They all for ever laſt,
By His decree kept faſt,
Till fleeting time is paſt.

He did His people ſave,
Whom Tyrants did enſlave;
His ſacred Cov'nant gave:
Renowned is His fame,
And reverend His Name,
Which all the world proclaime.

God's fear true wiſdome brings;
he knowledg of good things
rom that beginning ſprings.
They underſtand aright,
Who make His Lawes their light,
And ſtill His praiſe recite.

PSAL: CXII.

1. BLeſt is the man that feares the Lord,
Delighting in His word:
2. His ſeed on earth ſhall mighty be,
Bleſt his poſteritie.

3. His houſe with riches ſhall abound,
His life with plenty crown'd.
His righteous dealing, clear as ſure,
For ever ſhall endure.

4. In ſhades of darkneſſe to th' upright
There riſeth up a light.
He gratious is, and free from hate,
His heart compaſſionate.

5. A good man mercy ſhewes, and lends;
Nor in his words offends:
6. He ſhall not move, but placed be
In laſting memorie.

7. He, of ill tidings not afraid,
Hath God his refuge made:
Thus fix'd, his heart ſhall never faile,
8. But 'gainſt his foes prevaile. 9. Wi

9. With liberall hand unto the poor
He hath diſperſt his ſtore,
His righteouſneſſe ſhall ſtill remaine,
And laſting honour gaine.

10. The wicked man, when this he ſeeth,
For ſpight ſhall gnaſh his teeth:
And, melted by his envies fire,
Periſh in his deſire.

PSAL. CXIII.

To the uſuall Tune.

1. THe Lord O ye His ſervants praiſe,
To His great Name your ditties raiſe,
2. Which bleſt and ſacred be alwaies:
3. Ev'n from the riſing of the Sun,
Till to the Weſt his courſe be run,
His Name is to be prais'd alone.
4. The Lord above all Nations high,
Is ſeated in great Majeſty,
And in the Heav'ns His glories ly.
5. What pow'r created parallells
The Lord our God who thus excells,
And far above the Heaven dwells?

6. Who humbling downe himſelfe doth bow
Not only things in heaven to know,
But what is done in earth below.

7. To him that did in duſt deplore,
He joyfull comforts doth reſtore;
And from the dunghill lifts the poore:

8. That ſet with Princes of the earth,
And perſons of a Royall birth,
His ſorrows may be chang'd to mirth

9. The barren woman, when implor'
His bounty hath with children ſtor'
O therefore praiſe this gratious Lor

PSAL. CXIV.

1. WHen *Iſrael* from *Egypt* went
Free from his baniſhment,
And *Iacob* came from that ſtrange land,
Conducted by God's hand:

2. The houſe of *Iudah*, which did paſſe,
His Sanctuary was:
And *Iſrael* the choſen throne
Of His dominion.

3. The Sea ſaw that, and did diſperſe,
Iordan his courſe reverſe.

4. The Mountaines skip'd like ſporting rams,
The little hills like Lambs.

5. What ay'ld thy waters, O thou Sea,
That they ſo fled from thee?
Jordan, what did thy current lack,
That thou waſt driven back?

6. What Miracle did then prevaile,
That both your ſtreams ſhould faile?
You Mountaines, that ye skip'd like rams?
Yet little hills like Lambs?

7. Tremble thou earth, when *Iacobs* God
Commands thee with his rod:
Who from the Rock did waters bring,
And made the flint a ſpring.

PSAL. CXV.

Sing this as Pſalme 51.

1. NOt unto us (O Lord!) but Thee,
Thy Name, Thy Truth, the glory be.
Why ſhould the heathen Thee defy,
Whilſt, Where is now their God? they cry?
Our God in heaven doth remaine,
And acts what ere he did ordaine.

Their Idols Silver are, and Gold:
The work which hands of men did
(mould
5. Mouths have they, yet they ſpeechleſſe be;
And they have eyes, but cannot ſee:
6. They ears poſſeſſe, which nothing heare;
And noſes, not for ſmelling, beare. (walk
7. Their hands not touch, their feet not (tall
Nor through their throat reſounds their
8. Who make them are as vaine as they;
And ſo are all that to them pray.

9. 10 O *Iſrael*! O *Aarons* line!
11. O yee that in His feare combine!
Truſt ye in God, who is your ſhield;
Protection He, and help doth yield.
12. He, mindfull ſtill of our redreſſe,
Will *Iſrael*, and *Aaron* bleſſe.
13. Who feare Him, ſmall or great, are ble
14. And in their race ſhall be encreaſt.

15. You are the bleſſed of the Lord,
Who heaven fram'd, and earth hath ſto
16. He in the Heav'n of Heavens lives,
But earth unto mans children gives.
17. The dead Thy praiſes cannot ſhew,
Nor thoſe who downe to ſilence go:
18. But we the Lord through all our daies
Will bleſſe. The Lord for ever praiſe.

PSAL. CX

PSAL. CXVI.

I Love the Lord, and am well pleas'd,
He hath me heard, and eas'd.
Whilſt therefore life continue ſhall,
I will upon Him call.
The ſnares of death about me dwelt,
And paines of Hell I felt.
Diſturbed thoughts, and heavineſſe
My conſcience did oppreſs.

Then to the Lord my plaint I made,
And thus unto Him ſaid:
O Lord! my ſoule from falling ſave,
And lift me from the grave.
The Lord is gracious, and juſt,
To thoſe His mercy truſt:
His Hand the ſimple doth protect,
When croſſes them deject.

Turne then my ſoule unto thy reſt;
God's favours have thee bleſt.
He bountifully doth reward,
And thee from dangers guard.

Thou keep'ſt my ſoule from death's pale (feares,
My drooping eyes from teares,

And did'ſt my wand'ring ſteps recall,
When I was apt to fall.

9. My feet before the Lord ſhall ſtand
In His eternall land.
10. I therefore pray'd, and thus believ'd;
Yet ſtill my heart was griev'd.
For in my foes ſucceſſe I fail'd,
Till faith at laſt prevail'd:
11. Then I all men for Lyars knew,
And God alone for true.

12. What retribution ſhall I give
To him by whom I live?
Or what acknowledgment apply,
For His benignity?
13. Salvations ſacred Cup I'le take,
And humble prayers make.
14. Before His people ſhall be pay'd
The vowes which I have made.

15. For thoſe that live like Saints upright,
And in the Lord delight,
Are living dear unto His eye,
And pretious when they dy.
16. Lord! Thy faithfull ſervant am,
And ſtill adore Thy Name.
Thou looſed haſt my heavy yoak,
My bonds in ſunder broke.

17. The

17. Therefore my praiſes unto Thee
Shall daily offer'd be:
My gratitude and pray'r ſhall riſe,
Like thankfull ſacrifice.
18. The vowes ſhall be, which I have made,
Before the people pay'd,
19. Who in Thy houſe and ſacred Courts
To praiſe Thy Name reſorts.

PSAL. CXVII.

1. O All ye Nations record,
The Praiſes of the Lord;
Ye people through the Univerſe,
Your Makers praiſe rehearſe.

2. For He to us great kindneſs ſhewes,
And Mercies large beſtowes.
His conſtant Truth no time decaies:
The Lord for ever praiſe.

PSAL. CXVIII.

1. O Thank the goodneſs of our God,
Whoſe mercy knowes no period.

2. Let *Iſrael* their voices joyne;
3. Let thoſe who come from *Aarons* loyne,
4. Let all who feare the Lord confeſſe
His mercies everlaſtingneſſe.
5. I call'd upon Him, when diſtreſt;
Who me enlarged, and releaſt.

6. The Lord Himſelfe is on my ſide;
I fearleſſe mans attempts abide.
7. He takes their part who ſuccour me:
I ſhall my haters ruin'd ſee.
8. 'Tis bettet in the Lord to truſt,
Than leane on man, who is but duſt:
9. Better rely on His defenſe,
Then put in Princes confidence.

10. All Nations me encompaſs'd round;
But His great Name ſhall them confound
11. They cloſely ſet againſt me came,
But I deſtroy'd them in His Name.
12. Like bees they thick about me ſwarm'd
Yet through His Name I was unharm'd
As kindled Thorns, which blazing dy,
They quenched in their aſhes ly.

13. Though preſſing foes my fall aſſay'd,
The Lord Himſelf became may aid:
14. God is my health, my ſtrength, my ſong
15. Lowd joyes the Righteous are among.
16. Fo

16. For God's Right hand's lift up on high,
His Right hand acts moſt valiantly.
17. I ſhall not dy, but live to praiſe,
And ſpeake His wonders all my daies.

18. Although the Lord me chaſt'ned ſore,
He unto death not gave me ore.
19. Open His ſacred Gates, that I
With praiſe the Lord may glorify. (juſt
20. This is the Gate, through which the
And righteous Perſons enter muſt.
21. Thee wil I thank, who heard'ſt my voice,
And mak'ſt me in Thy help rejoyce.

22. That ſtone the builders from them lay'd,
The Head is of the Corner made.
23. This is Gods act; which in our eyes
Religious wonder multiplies:
24. This is the day the Lord hath made,
We will rejoyce, in it be glad.
25. Save now, and proſper we intreat,
O Lord! who art as good, as great.

26. He bleſſed be, comes in His Name;
We bleſſings from God's houſe proclaime.
27. God is the Lord. whoſe light hath ſhin'd;
Pure Off'rings to His Altar bind.
28. Thou art my God, I Thee will praiſe,
And in my Song Thine honour raiſe.

O thank the goodneſſe of our God,
Whoſe mercy knowes no period.

PSAL. CXIX.

ALEPH.

1. BLeſſed are They, who undefil'd,
Nor in their waies beguil'd,
2. God's Lawes obay, His ſtatutes keep,
And with their whole heart ſeek.
3. No wicked act ſeduc'd them hath,
Or turn'd them from His path;
4. For Thou command'ſt, that from Thy Law
We never ſhould withdraw.

5. O that my waies were ſo upright,
I keep Thy ſtatutes might:
6. Thou wilt not me with ſhame reject,
Who Thy commands reſpect.
7. My heart to praiſe Thee will delight,
When taught Thy judgments right:
8. Thy ſtatutes I my rule will make;
O never me forſake.

BETH.

9. How ſhall a young man clenſe his way?
Nere from Thy word to ſtray.

10. M

10. My heart doth ſeek, and Thee prefer;
Let not my goings err.
11. Thy word I hid my heart within,
To keep me free from ſin.
12. Bleſſed art Thou, O Gratious Lord;
Teach me to do Thy word.

13. My lips deſiſt not to declare,
How juſt Thy judgments are:
14. Thy teſtimonies make me glad,
Above all riches had.
15. I will Thy precepts meditate,
And to Thy waies relate.
16. Thy ſtatutes are my cheif delight,
Kept in my mind, and ſight.

GIMEL.

17. Deale well with me, that whil'ſt I live,
I may obſervance give:
18. Diſcover to my opened eyes
Thy Law's high myſteries.
19. A ſtranger I on earth abide;
Thy precepts do not hide.
20. My fainting ſoul, with longing tir'd,
Thy judgments hath deſir'd.

21. With curſes Thou the proud haſt ſtrook,
Who Thy Commands forſook.
22. Reproach, and ſcorne from me remove;
For I Thy precepts love.

23. Princes

23. Princes did ſit, and 'gainſt me ſpeak,
But I Thy ſtatutes ſeek.
24. Thy word my only joy I make,
And from It counſaile take.

DALETH.

25. My ſoul unto the duſt doth cleave;
Yet me in death not leave.
26. I to Thine eare my waies reveale,
Thy ſtatutes not conceale.
27. Informe me in Thy precepts well,
That I Thy works may tell.
28. My melting ſoule with greif doth waſt;
O quicken me at laſt.

29. Remove from me the way of lies,
That I Thy Law may prize. (chooſe;
30. The waies of Truth my Soule doth
Thy judgments I propoſe.
31. Thy teſtimonies are my aime;
Lord put me not to ſhame:
32. Who from Thy Law will nere depart,
When Thou enform'ſt my heart.

HE.

33. Teach me Thy ſtatutes to intend,
And keep them to the end.
34. Inform'd, I ſhall Thy Lawes each part
Obſerve with my whole heart:
35. Guide me in Thy commands aright,
For theirein I delight.

36. My heart unto Thy Lawes divine,
Not avarice, incline.

37. Quicken Thou me, and turne mine eye
From seeing vanity.
38. Thy word establish in my eare,
Devoted to Thy feare.
39. Remove my fear'd reproaches far,
For good Thy judgments are:
40. And me, Thy precepts who desire,
With quick'ning grace inspire.

VAV.

41. Thy saving mercies grant me Lord,
According to Thy word.
42. So shall I answer scornes unjust,
Because in Thee I trust.
43. Thy Truth from out my mouth nere take,
Who it my comfort make.
44. So I Thy Law, and holy will,
For ever shall fulfill.

45. Enlarg'd I walk at liberty,
Thy precepts to descry:
46. Which, daunted nor with fear, nor shame,
I will to Kings proclaime.
47. On Thy Commands my love I place,
And joyfully embrace:
48. With lifted hands, and heart, prostrate
On these I meditate.

ZAIN.

ZAIN.

49. Remember Lord! Thy promiſe made,
Wherein my hope is lay'd:
50. This quickens me, though dead with greif
In trouble gives releif.
51. Thy Law, though proud men me deride,
I never have deny'd:
52. Thy judgments old I call'd to mind,
And preſent comfort find.

53. Horrour and trembling me ſurpriſe,
When ſinners Thee deſpiſe.
54. I ſing Thy ſtatutes all my age,
In lifes ſhort pilgrimage.
55. Thy name at night comes to my thought
Who have Thy precepts ſought.
56. This comfort I performed ſaw,
Becauſe I kept Thy Law.

CHETH.

57. Thou art my Lot; I ſaid, (O Lord!)
That I would keep Thy word.
58. With my whole heart I favour crave;
Let me Thy mercy have.
59. My waies I mark'd, and turn'd my feet,
Within Thy Rules to meet.
60. To keep Thy ſtatutes haſt I made,
With duty, not delay'd.

61. By wicked bands though robb'd, & ſpoyl'd
I nere from Thee recoyl'd. 62. A

62. At midnight I my ſelfe will raiſe,
To ſing Thy Judgments praiſe.
63. I am their friend, and hold them deare,
Who Thee obey, and feare.
64. Through earth (O Lord) Thy mercies reach;
Me in Thy ſtatutes teach.

TETH.

65. Thouſt haſt dealt well with me, O Lord!
According to Thy word.
66. Good judgment and true knowledge give,
For I Thy Lawes believe.
67. Before I troubled was, I ſtray'd;
But now Thy word obey'd:
68 All good doth from Thy bounty flow;
Let me Thy ſtatutes know.

69. The proud by Lies would me ſupplant,
Who keep Thy Covenant:
70. Their heart is ſwoll'n with fat, and eaſe;
But me Thy ſtatutes pleaſe.
71. Tis good, that by affliction taught,
To know Thee I am brought;
72. Whoſe Law I in more value hold
Then thouſand heaps of Gold.

IOD.

73. I have been faſhion'd by Thy hand;
Teach me to underſtand:
74 Who feare Thee ſhall be glad to ſee
My ſetled hope in Thee.

75. I know Thy judgments (Lord) are true;
And my affliction due.
76. Yet let Thy comfort, I Thee pray,
Thy ſervants griefe allay.

77. In tender mercy me forgive,
That I with Thee may live.
78. Shame them, whoſe pride without a cauſe,
Hates me, who love Thy Lawes.
79. Let thoſe conjoyn'd to me be neare;
Thy truth who know, and feare;
80. My heart keep in Thy ſtatutes ſound,
That me no ſhame confound.

CAPH.

81. My ſoule, for Thy ſalvation faint,
Truſts on Thy gratious grant.
82. Mine eyes with expectation faile;
When ſhall my hopes prevaile?
83. Though like a bottle in the ſmoake,
Yet Thee I not forſook.
84. Shall my ſhort daies of life have end,
Ere Thou Thy judgment ſend?

85. The proud for me againſt all right
Have digged pits in ſpight:
86. As Thou art faithfull, ſend redreſſe,
'Gainſt them who me oppreſſe.
87. They me on earth almoſt conſum'd;
But I on Thee preſum'd.

88. O

88. O quicken me, as Thou art kind,
So I Thy word ſhall mind.

LAMED.

89. Thy promiſe (Lord) doth ever laſt,
In heaven ſetled faſt:
90. Thy faith, through all ſucceſſions try'd,
Doth fixt as earth abide:
91. Thou for Thy ſervice did'ſt ordaine,
That all things ſhould remaine.
92. But that Thy Law was my releif,
I periſht had through greif.

93. Thy precepts in my thought ſhall live,
For they my ſoule revive.
94. Save me (O Lord!) for I am Thine,
And to Thy Law encline.
95. Though wicked men would me deſtroy,
I make Thy word my joy:
96. Which to eternall bliſſe extends,
When earth's perfection ends.

MEM.

97. Thy Law how dearely do I rate
All day to meditate?
98. Which ſtill before me, makes me wiſe,
Above mine enemies.
99. For ſtudying this, I knowledge have,
More then my teachers gave.
100. I underſtand more then the old,
'Cauſe I Thy precepts hold.

101. My feet from evill waies refrain'd,
Are by Thy word reſtrain'd:
102. I from Thy judgments not depart;
For Thou haſt taught my heart.
103. Then hony bred from flowry fields,
Thy word more ſweetneſſe yields.
104. Through this I underſtanding gat;
And waies of falſehood hate.

NUN.

105. Thy word a lamp is ſhining bright,
And to my path a light.
106. I in my ſolemne vowes have ſworne,
Thy ſtatutes to performe.
107. I ly perplext with greif and paine;
Lord! quicken me againe.
108. O let my Pray'rs Thy audience reach,
And me Thy judgments teach.

109. My ſoul, though death & dangers thre
Can never Thee forget:
110. And though the wicked ſnares have
From Thee I never ſtray'd. (lay
111. Thy ſtatutes are my choſen part,
The comfort of my heart;
112. And to performe Them I intend,
Untill my life ſhall end.

SAMECH.

113. I hate vaine thoughts, ill men neglect
But I Thy Law affect.

114. Th

114. Thou art my refuge and my ſhield,
Whoſe word doth ſafety yield.
115. Depart ye wicked ones away;
I will my God obey:
116. Uphold me in a life unblam'd,
Nor let my hope be ſham'd.

117. Suſtaine me (Lord!) ſo ſhall my faith,
Reſting on Thee, be ſafe. (full heart
118. Thou tread'ſt them downe, whoſe guile-
Doth from Thy Lawes depart;
119. And, like the droſſe that's caſt away,
Mak'ſt them on earth decay.
120. My trembling fleſh is full of feare,
When I theſe judgments heare.

AIN.

121. Lord! leave me not, who love the right,
To my oppreſſors might:
122. Be Thou my ſurety 'gainſt their pride,
Who have my waies decry'd.
123. Mine eyes for Thy ſalvation faile,
Untill my hopes prevaile.
124. In mercy with Thy ſervant deale;
Thy ſtatutes (Lord!) reveale.

125. Give me an underſtanding heart;
Thy ſacred will impart:
126. Tis time for Thee to bring Thy aid,
For voyd Thy Law is made.

127. I Thy Commandments pretious hold,
Above refined gold:
128. And all Thy precepts juſtly prize;
But hate deceit and lyes.

PE.

129 Thy teſtimonies wond'rous are,
My ſoules delight and care:
130. Thy words like beams of light ariſe,
To make the ſimple wiſe.
131. Panting, and breathleſſe in deſire,
I to Thy lawes aſpire:
132. Such mercy (Lord) upon me powre,
As thoſe who Thee adore.

133. Order my ſteps, no ſins may ſtaine,
Nor vices or'e me reigne.
134. From man's oppreſſion me redeeme,
Thy precepts who eſteeme.
135. Make Thy bleſt face on me to ſhine;
Teach me Thy Lawes divine:
136. Rivers of Teares run down mine eyes,
When men Thy Law deſpiſe.

TSADDI.

137. Thou righteous art, (O Lord) my might,
Thy judgments are upright. (mand,
138. The Statutes which Thou do'ſt com-
Unchang'd and faithfull ſtand.
139. My zeale conſumes me, when I find
Thy Law not kept in mind:

140. Thy

140. Thy word is very pure and try'd,
By me moſt magnify'd.

141. I, though deſpis'd and lightly ſet,
Thy precepts not forget:
142. Thy righteouſneſſe no period knew,
And Thy Commands are true.
143. Though troubles me, or anguiſh ſeize,
Yet I delight in theſe:
144. Lord! in Thy ſtatutes knowledge give,
And I ſhall ever live.

COPH.

145. I cry'd with my whole heart! Lord heare,
Through whom I perſevere.
146. O ſave me, when to Thee I call;
So keep Thy Lawes I ſhall.
147. My cryes prevent the dawning light;
148. My eyes outwatch the night:
That I Thy word might meditate,
My hope, and ſafe Retreit.

149. O Lord my voice in mercy heare,
Me quicken in Thy feare.
150. Men bent to miſcheif nigh me draw,
Contemners of thy Law:
151. Yet Thou O Lord art neare at hand,
And true is Thy command.
152. For on eternall baſes plac't,
Thy teſtimonies laſt.

RESCH.

RESCH.

153. Conſider me in my diſtreſſe:
For I Thy Law confeſſe.
154. Plead Thou my cauſe, and life afford,
According to Thy word.
155. Salvation far from ſinners flies:
For they Thy Lawes deſpiſe.
156. Thy tender mercies (Lord) exceed:
O quicken me with ſpeed.

157. Though many foes 'gainſt me combine,
From Thee I not decline.
158. With ſorrow I tranſgreſſors ſaw,
Who have not kept Thy Law.
159. Lord! think how I Thy precepts love:
Inſpire me from above.
160. Thy word is true, Thy Judgments pure,
And ever ſhall endure.

SCHIN.

161. Princes purſue me without cauſe;
Yet ſtill I feare Thy Lawes: (mind,
162. Whoſe ſacred word more glads my
Then thoſe that treaſures find.
163. I falſhood hate, abhorre all lyes;
But Thy Commandments prize.
164. Sev'n times each day my tongue diſ-
Thy righteous judgments praiſe. (playes

165. Great peace have thoſe Thy Law attend,
Nothing ſhall them offend. 166. Lord!

66. Lord! I in Thy ſalvation hope,
And make Thy will my ſcope.
67. My ſoule Thy teſtimonies loves,
And them 'bove all approves;
68. And conſtantly Thy Law obeyes,
Who ſearcheſt all my waies.

TAV.

69. Accept (O Lord) my lowd complaint,
And knowledge to me grant.
70. Let my requeſt admiſſion crave,
And in Thy promiſe ſave.
71. So ſhall my lips Thy praiſes reach,
When Thou my heart doſt teach:
72. My tongue Thy ſtatutes ſhall recite:
For Thy commands are right.

73. O let Thine hand bring help to me,
Whoſe choiſe Thy precepts be.
74. My thoughts for Thy ſalvation long,
My cheifeſt joyes among.
75. Let my ſoule live Thy Name to praiſe,
Whoſe judgments me ſhall raiſe:
like a loſt ſheep went aſtray;
O Lord my wand'rings ſtay.

PSAL. CXX.

1. WIth troubles preſt, and drown'd in (grie
I called for relief:
When God unto my help appear'd,
And my Petition heard.

2. Lord ſave me from their cruell lies,
Who would my life ſurprize.
Make not my ſoule their envies bait,
To periſh by deceit.

3. What vengeance doth to Thee belong,
O falſe and perjur'd tongue?
4. Sharp arrowes, and a quenchleſſe fire,
Shall one day be thy hire.

5. Wo unto me, conſtrain'd to dwell
So far from *Iſrael*;
That I in *Meſech* ſojourne muſt,
And Tents of *Kedar* truſt.

6. My Soule this long time doth converſe
With diſpoſitions fierce:
Who ſhunned have, like ſome diſeaſe,
The happy fruits of peace.

7.

7. To quench wars flame, and leſſen ſtrife,
I labour'd all my life:
But They, when Treaties were my care,
For laſting war prepare.

PSAL. CXXI.

Sing this as the Prayer after the Commandements.

1. UP to the Hills I lift mine eyes, (riſe.
From whence my help and comfort
2. My ſafety from the Lord doth ſpring,
Who made the world, and every thing.

3. Thy foot from falling He protects,
Nor Slumbers He, nor thee neglects.
4. Behold, that Lord who *Iſrael* keeps,
Unweary'd is, and never ſleeps.

5. God is thy Keeper, like a ſhade
Which on thy right hand is diſplay'd.
The Sun by day thee ſhall not ſmite,
Nor vapours of the Moon by night.

6. The Lord ſhall Thee preſerve from harme;
Thy ſoule againſt temptations arme.
Thy going out, and comming in
7. For evermore His care have bin.

PSAL. CXXII.

1. I Was right glad, and joyfull made
When They unto me ſaid;
Let us unto God's Houſe repaire,
And worſhip Him with pray'r.

2. O bleſt *Ieruſalem!* our feet
Within Thy Gates ſhall meet;
3. Who builded like a City art,
United in each part.

4. To Thee the Tribes of God aſcend,
Their praiſes to commend;
And by their zeale the reſt enflame,
To bleſſe their Makers Name.

5. There are the great Tribunals plac't,
By publick juſtice grac't.
There is the Palace and the Throne,
Which *David* ſits upon.

6. O pray for *Salems* laſting peace,
That it may nere decreaſe:
They ſtill ſhall proſper, from whoſe love
Theſe happy wiſhes move.

7. Wi

7. With peace thy wals encircled be,
Sweet concord dwell in Thee:
And let thy Palaces abound,
With fulleſt plenty crown'd.

8. I for my brethrens ſake will pray,
Peace may within thee ſtay.
And for the Houſe of Gods aboad
Will ever ſeek Thy good.

PSAL. CXXIII.

1. Unto Thee lift up mine eyes,
O thou who rul'ſt the skies,
And in the higheſt Heav'ns doſt dwell,
Whoſe brightneſs none can tell.

2. As ſervants wait their Lords command,
And Maids their miſtreſſe hand:
So God ſo do our eyes depend
Till He his mercy ſend.

3. O Lord! ſome pity on us ſhew,
To end our painfull woe.
For we reproached, and unpriz'd,
Are utterly deſpis'd.

4. Our ſoule afflicted daily mournes,
Fill'd with exceſſive ſcornes.
Whil'ſt thoſe who live in eaſe, and pride,
Our wretched ſtate deride.

PSAL. CXXIV.

To the proper Tune.

1. NOw *Iſrael*
This truth may gladly tell:
But that the Lord
Did help to us afford;
2. If He our ſide
With ſtrength had not ſupply'd,
When banding foes
Againſt our ſafety roſe,
3. Their kindled ire
Had ſwallow'd us like fire.

4. The angry flood
Had then above us ſtood,
Who by the ſtreame
Quite overwhelm'd had been;
5. And ſwelling waves
Become our timeleſs graves:

Whil

Whil'ſt ore our ſoule
The billowes proudly rowle.
6. Bleſt be His aid,
Who us their prey not made.

7. Our resku'd ſoules,
Like late-entangled fowles,
Eſcaped are
Out of the deadly ſnare:
Broke is the net,
And we at freedom ſet.
8. In His great Name,
Who Heav'n and earth did frame,
Our ruin ſtay'd,
And help on Him is lay'd.

Another of the ſame.

1. NOw *Iſrael* may truly ſay,
In honour of this day;
Had not the Lord our quarrell took,
All help had us forſook.

2. Yea had not God our battailes fought,
When men our ruin ſought;
And when our cloſe conſpiring foes
Againſt our ſafety roſe;

3. The wrath, which in their breaſts did ſtrive,
Had buried us alive;

Conſuming both our Place and Name
In their revenges flame.

4. Our Life, and what we moſt eſteem,
Had periſht in this ſtream;
5. And in the furious billowes womb,
Beheld our glories comb.

6. But let our God be alwayes prais'd,
Who thus from death us rais'd:
Nor made us ſubject to their pow'r,
Who ſought us to devour.

7. From danger resku'd is our ſoule,
Like ſome net ſcaping fowle:
So broken is the bloody ſnare,
And we deliver'd are.

8. Our preſent help, and hopes of aid
In God alone are lay'd;
'Tis He, who made both Heav'n and earth,
That gave our comforts birth.

PSAL. CXXV.

1. WHo God their hope and truſt accou
Are like faire *Sions* Mount;

Wh

Whoſe head unmoved, and unſhook,
Abides the tempeſts ſtroak.

2. As riſing Mountaines *Salem's* fenſe,
By their circumference;
So God His people guards throughout,
And circles them about.

3. The wicked ſhall not by their pow'r
The righteous Lot devour;
Leaſt they the heathens ſins partake,
Who them their vaſſall make.

4 Do good O Lord unto the juſt,
Who in Thy goodnes truſt.
And thoſe that are in heart upright,
Continue in Thy ſight.

5. But as for ſuch who turn'd aſide,
To crooked waies back-ſlide,
The Lord their judgments ſhall encreaſe;
But *Iacob* bleſſe with peace.

PSAL. CXXVI.

1. WHen God did caſt a gratious eye
On *Sions* miſery;
And did his captiv'd Peoples ſtate
To liberty tranſlate;
This unexpected ſafety wrought
On us ſuch wonder brought,
Our freedome like a viſion ſeem'd,
And we like them that dream'd.

2. Joy fill'd our mouth, triumphant Songs
Did exerciſe our tongues,
That Heathens with amazement ſaid,
God hath This gladneſs made
3. The Lord, who crownes His ſervants faith
Great things effected hath,
And makes us publiſh through the earth.
The cauſes of our mirth.

4 Lord! turne our bondage, end our woe,
Let Thy full mercyes flow,
As waters from the fountaines mouth,
Or Rivers in the South.
5. They who, before in teares have ſow'n,
And only ſorrowes know'n;

Sha

Shall ſo their future hopes employ,
That they may reap in joy.

6. He who good ſeed in weeping beares;
And water'd with his teares,
Shall doubtleſs find return'd with gaine,
What here he ſow'd in paine.
A bleſſed harveſt ſhall enſue,
His comforts to renew; (griefe,
Long joyes ſhall ſpring from his ſhort
And from each graine a ſheaf.

PSAL. CXXVII.

Sing this as the Lords Prayer.

1. EXcept the Lord the houſe ſuſtaine,
The builders labour is in vaine;
Except the City He defend,
And to the dwellers ſafety ſend,
In vaine are Centinels prepar'd,
Or armed watchmen for the guard.

2. You vainly with the early light
Ariſe, or ſit up late at night,
To find ſupport, and dayly eat
Your bread with ſorrow earn'd and ſweat:

When God, who His beloved keepes,
This plenty gives with quiet ſleepes.

3. Lo! children, and the fruitfull womb,
Are bleſſings which from Heaven come,
4. As arrowes in a ſtrong mans hand,
So children are in youth obtain'd;
5. Who hath his quiver full of thoſe
Shall never feare upbraiding foes.

PSAL. CXXVIII.

1. BLeſſed is he who God doth fear,
And holds His precepts deare:
2. Thou ſhalt have plenty in thy meat,
And of thy labours eat.

3. Thy Wife ſhall, like the loving vine,
Which doth thy walls entwine,
With fruits enrich thy dwelling place,
And multiply thy race.

Thy Children ſhall like branches ſhew,
Which from the Olive grow,
And round about thy table ſtand,
As bleſſings to thy land.

4. The

4. Theſe favours ſhall the man obtaine,
Whoſe hopes in God remaine:
5. The Lord ſhall thee from *Sion* bleſs,
With all earthes happineſs.

Thine eyes *Hieruſalem* ſhall ſee,
Fill'd with proſperitie,
And whil'ſt thy dayes of life endure,
Hir gloryes ſhall be ſure.

6. Thou Childrens Children ſhalt behold,
Spring up when thou art old,
And added to thine own encreaſe,
See *Iſrael* in peace.

PSAL. CXXIX.

Sing this as Pſalme 119.

1. OFt vext me from my Youth have they,
May *Iſrael* now ſay,
2. Oft in my tender yeares aſſaild,
Yet have they not prevail'd.

3. My back the plowers did invade,
And there long furrowes made:

4. But God hath cut their wicked bands,
And ſav'd me from their hands.

5. Let them confounded back retire,
Who *Sions* hurt deſire;
6. Or prove like graſſe on houſes top,
Which withers e're growne up:

7. Which hath no mower for it found,
Nor into ſheaves is bound;
8. And none that paſs, God ſpeed you, ſay,
Or wiſh you proſper may.

PSAL. CXXX.

1. OUt from the Depths of miſery,
O Lord! to Thee I cry:
2. Mark well my voice, and let Thine eare
My ſupplication heare.

3. If Thou, O Lord! wilt be extreame,
And with thy ſearching beame
Examine each tranſgreſſion,
And errour we have done:

When we thus ſtrictly ſhall be try'd,
Who may thy ſentence bide?

Or who endure thy vengfull hand,
And in thy judgment ſtand?

4. But there is Mercy (Lord) with Thee,
That Thou may'ſt feared be:
5. Thy word and Promiſes are juſt,
Therefore in them I truſt.

6. On Thee alone my hope is plac't,
To Thee my Soule doth haſt:
On Thee ſhe waites, to Thee ſhe flyes,
Before the morning riſe.

They that expect the morning light,
After the weary night,
Watch not ſo much the break of day,
As ſhe for Thee doth ſtay.

7. O *Iſrael* truſt in the Lord,
Who pity doth afford!
For He more ready is to ſave,
Then we his help to crave.

With Him abundant mercy is,
To ſalve what's done amiſs:
8. And Plentifull redemption found,
To cure each ſinfull wound.

Another

Another of the ſame, paraphraſed for an Antheme.

OUt of the horrour of the loweſt Deep,
Where cares & endleſſe fears their ſtation keep,
To thee (O Lord) I ſend my woful cry:
O heare the accents of my miſery.
If Thy enquiry (Lord) ſhould be ſevere,
To mark all ſins which have been acted here,
Who may abide? or, when they ſifted are,
Stand un-condemned at Thy Judgments bar?
But there is mercy (O my God) with Thee,
That Thou by it may'ſt lou'd, and feared be.
My Soule waites for the Lord, in Him I truſt,
Whoſe word is faithful, & whoſe promiſe juſt.
On him my longing thoughts are fixt, as they,
Who wait the cõforts of the riſing day: (light
Yea more then thoſe that watch the morning
Tir'd with the ſorrowes of a reſt-leſs night.
O *Iſrael*, truſt in that Gratious Lord,
Who plentifull remiſſion doth afford;
And will His people, who paſt pardon ſeeme,
By mercyes greater then their ſins redeeme,

PSAL. CXXXI.

PSAL. CXXXI.

1. O Lord! I have no haughty mind,
Nor eyes to pride inclin'd.
To matters great I not aſpire,
Nor things too high deſire.

2. But low in thought, in action mild,
Like to a weaned Child,
So wean'd from all earth's vanities
My ſoule on Thee relies.

3. Let *Iſrael* make God their ſcope,
And in His goodneſſe hope;
Untill both time, and life ſhall end,
On Him alone depend.

PSAL. CXXXII.

1. REmember *David's* trouble Lord,
His vow and oath record;
2. How he in zeale, and holy fear,
To *Iacob's* God did ſwear.

3. I will not houſe my weary head,
Nor go into my bed,
4. Nor ſhall my eyes, with ſleep oppreſt,
Acquainted be with reſt:

5. Untill a dwelling place I find
Unto the Lord deſign'd:
And till I ſhall a Temple raiſe
For the Almighty's praiſe.

6. Lo, we have heard, in *Ephrata*
Thy Arke did ſometimes ſtay;
And found, in open fields it ſtood,
Or ſhelt'red by the wood.

7. But in His Tabernacle now
Our knees wee'l humbly bow:
We will before His foot ſtool fall,
And on His power call.

8. Ariſe (O Lord!) into Thy Reſt,
Long with Thy preſence bleſt;
And let Thy Arke be fixed here,
Whoſe ſtrength the Nations feare.

9. Thy Prieſts with holyneſs attire,
With joy Thy Saints inſpire:
10. Do not Thy love for *Davids* ſake,
From Thine Annointed take.

11. The

11. The Lord to *David* vowed hath,
Nor will He break His faith,
From thine owne loynes ſhall iſſue one
To ſit upon thy throne.

12, And if thy Children will conſent
To my Commandement;
Their ſons, whil'ſt day and night remaine,
Succeſſively ſhall Reigne.

13. For I the Lord have *Sion* choſe
For my deſir'd repoſe:
14. Within this dwelling will I reſt,
An everlaſting gueſt.

15. Hir ſtores with plenty ſhall be fed,
Hir poor reliev'd with bread:
16. Hir Prieſts with bleſſing ſhall be deckt,
With gladneſs Hir Elect.

17. There ſhall the Horne of *David* ſpring,
In honour flouriſhing:
And like a Lamp, his glorious light
Shall ſtill continue bright.

18. His adverſaries, cloath'd with ſhame,
Shall loſe both life and name:
But from his Sacred Head the Crowne
Shall never be caſt downe.

PSAL. CXXXIII.

1. BEhold how pleaſant 'tis to ſee,
When brethren do agree:
Whoſe hearts, as dwellings, love unites,
And to accord invites.

2. 'Tis like the pretious ointment ſhed
On *Aarons* ſacred head,
Which did from face, and beard deſcend,
And on his garment end.

3. 'Tis as the ſilver drops of dew
Which *Hermons* top renew:
Or as the fuitfull raines diſtill
Upon faire *Sions* Hill.

4. The Lord on ſuch agreement powres
His loves unwaſted ſhowres;
And doth their habitations bleſs
With endleſs happineſs

PSAL. CXXXIV.

Sing this as Psalme 51.

1. YE servants of the Lord!
Bless Him with one accord.
You in His House who nightly wait,
His praises due relate.

2. With lifted hands adore,
And daily Him implore:
Within His Sanctuary bless
The Lord of Holiness.

3. The God that Heaven made,
And earth's foundation lay'd,
Out of His *Sion* thee defend,
And blessings endless send.

PSAL. CXXXV.

Sing this as Psalme 119.

1. PRaise ye the Lord; His praise proclaime
All ye that love His Name.

2. Ye

2. Ye in His Houſe, and Courts that ſtand,
Attending His Command.
3. O praiſe His goodneſs, bleſs His Name,
From whom all mercies came.
4. He *Iacob* choſe, and on his race
Did all His treaſure place.

5. Our God is great, and in His deeds
All other Gods exceeds:
6. In Heav'n, or earth, or deepeſt Seas,
He acts what ere He pleaſe.
7. He makes from earth the vapours riſe,
Which cloud the dark'ned skies:
From whence He raines, and light'ning flings,
And winds there treaſur'd brings.

8. He man and beaſt in *Egypt* ſmote,
9. And plagues on *Pharaoh* brought.
10. His arme did vanquiſh Nations great,
And mighty Kings defeat:
11. *Sihon*, and *Og*, and *Canaan* fell
12. In lot to *Iſrael*.
13. Therefore Thy pow'rfull Name, O Lord,
Succeſſion ſhall record.

14. Thy judgments are on ſinners bent;
But tow'rds Thine owne relent.
15. The Gods in Heathen Temples ſought,
Are gold and ſilver wrought.

16. Speech-

16. Speechleſs they be, and blind, and deaf,
17. Nor in their mouths have breath.
18. Like them the Makers are, and thoſe
Who truſt in Them repoſe.

19. His praiſe, O ye from *Iacob* ſpring,
O houſe of *Aaron* ſing!
20. O houſe of *Levi*, who profeſs
His feare, your Maker bleſs.
21. From *Sion* let your bleſſings ſound,
Your thankfull Songs abound:
Praiſe ye the Lord, His mercies tell,
Who doth in *Salem* dwell.

PSAL. CXXXVI.

To the uſuall Tune.
As Pſalme 148.

1. GIve thanks unto the Lord,
Who doth all good afford;
2. The God of Gods, who ſwaies
3. Thoſe Lords whom earth obeyes.
4. Who hath alone
Great wonders done:
His mercy ſure
Doth ſtill endure.

5. To

5. To Him who Heavens made,
6. Earth 'bove the waters lay'd:
7. To Him who form'd great lights,
To rule our daies and nights:
8. The Sun at noone,
The Stars and Moone,
9. Whose mercy sure
Doth still endure.

10. Who *Egypts* first-borne smote;
11. 12. And *Iacob* from them brought.
13. The Red Sea parted was,
14. For *Israel* to pass.
15. But *Pharaoh's* host
In it was lost.
His mercy sure
Doth still endure.

16. Who His through desarts led;
17 18. Great Kings discomfited,
19 *Sihon* the *Amorite*;
20. And *Og*, with *Bashan's* might;
21. And gave their land
22. To *Iacob's* hand:
His mercy sure
Doth still endure.

23. Who our low state esteem'd,
24. And from our foes redeem'd:

25. Who

5. Who to all fleſh gives food,
His creatures fills with good:
6. Your thanks O bring
To Heavens King;
Whoſe mercy ſure
Doth ſtill endure.

PSAL. CXXXVII.

Sing this as Pſalme 119.

1. BY *Babylons* ſwift ſtreames we ſate,
Sad and diſconſolate;
The teares as faſt ran from our ey,
For *Sions* memory.
2. Our harps untuned, and unſtrung,
Upon the Willowes hung;
3. When thoſe who did us captive bring,
Bid us (in ſcorne) to ſing.

4. They, who us ſpoil'd with ſword and fire,
Did mirth of us require:
Sing us (ſay'd They) one of the Songs,
To *Sion* which belongs.
5. But how ſhall we ſing the Lords Song,
His Enemies among?
Or tune His Notes in ſtrangers Land,
That cannot underſtand?

5. O deare *Ieruſalem!* when I
Forſake thy memory,
May my skill faile, my right hand let
Her cunning quite forget.
6. Cleave to the roof O may my tongue,
When I not mourne thy wrong;
Or if I not preferr thy mirth
Above all joyes on earth.

7. In thy remembrance, Lord! retaine
Proud *Edoms* fierce diſdaine;
Who 'gainſt *Ieruſalem* did cry,
Mocking hir miſery.
Now ſhe is fall'n, nere may our eyes
Againe behold hir riſe! (ſound,
Down with it, (their rude clamours
Raſe it ev'n to the ground.

8. O *Babylon*! which did'ſt us waſt,
Thy ſelf our woes muſt taſt:
And in thy finall ruin we
Sions revenge ſhall ſee.
Happy are They, who to requite
The meaſure of thy ſpight,
9. Without all pitty 'gainſt the ſtones
Shall daſh thy little ones.

PSAL. CXXXVIII.

1. I Thee will praiſe with my whole heart,
My thankfull hymnes impart;
Before the Gods of Earth I'le ſing
My praiſe to Heaven's King.

2. I towards Thy Temple worſhip will,
And praiſes utter ſtill:
Thy word and Name ſhall loudly ſound,
Whoſe love, and truth abound.

3. When in my plaints to Thee I cry'd,
Thy love as ſoon reply'd:
My fainting ſpirit was renew'd,
With ſtrength my ſoule endu'd.

4. The Kings of earth Thy praiſe ſhall beare,
When they Thy words do heare:
5. They in the waies of God ſhall ſing
The glory of their King.

6. For though the Lord be very high,
Yet He caſt's downe His eye;
The meek and lowly He reſpects,
But all the proud neglects.

7. Though I in mid'ſt of trouble live,
Yet Thou wilt me revive:
Thy ſtretch'd out hand my wrathfull foes
To ruin ſhall expoſe.

8. The Lord my comforts will aſſure,
By mercyes which endure.
Ceaſe not of me regard to take;
Nor Thine own works forſake.

PSAL. CXXXIX.

ſing this as Pſalme 51.

1. LOrd! thou haſt throughly ſearched me,
I open am, and know'n to Thee:
2. My ſitting downe, and my up-riſe
Are not concealed from Thine eyes:
Thou underſtand'ſt my diſtant thought,
Ere it to forme my ſelf had brought.
3. Thou circleſt in my path, and bed,
And haſt my waies diſcovered.

4. Thou hear'ſt each whiſper from my tongue
And ere 'twas utter'd, knew'ſt it long.
5 By Thee I faſhion'd, am and made,
Thy hand each part in order lay'd.
6. Yet can I not the knowledge gaine,
How I this being did attaine;

Which doth in wonder ſo excell,
'Tis eaſier to admire, then tell.

7. How ſhall I from Thy ſpirit fly?
Or Thy all preſent pow'r deny?
8. If I climbe Heav'n, 'tis Thine own Shere:
If ſtoop to Hell, lo, Thou art there.
9. If borne upon the mornings wing,
Far as the Sea doth ſwell, or ſpring;
10. Thy Right hand ſhall protect and lead,
Where ere my weary footſteps tread.

11. If I pretend the darknes ſhall
Upon me, like a cov'ring, fall;
Thoſe heavy fogs, thoſe miſts of night,
Will quickly cleare, and turne to light.
12. The thickeſt ſhade, or blackeſt cloud,
Can nothing from thy knowledg ſhrow'd:
For darkneſs doth like Noon-tide ſhine,
Light'ned by brighter beams of Thine.
13. My reines are Thine: Thou mad'ſt the (womb
My bodies cloathing to become:
14. I will give thanks to Thee, O Lord,
Who was enlived by Thy word:
With awfull art, and wond'rous forme
Thou did'ſt Thy workmanſhip adorne.
My ſoule Their marvels muſt confeſs,
And for Thy favours daily bleſs.

15. Though I was fashion'd in the dark,
Too secretly for man to mark,
There is no curious joynt, or bone,
But was to Thy inspection know'n.
16. Thou did'st upon my substance look,
And wrot'it each member in Thy book:
Thou saw'st how my imperfect frame
By daily growth to figure came.

17. O Lord, how pretious, O how deare
Thy purposes and thoughts appeare!
18. Which were they summ'd in my account,
They would the num'rous sands sur-
These wonders alwaies present ly, (mount.
Fixt in my thankfull memory:
And whil'st of them surveies I take,
My contemplation still must wake.

19. O God! Thou shalt the wicked slay:
Ye bloody men depart away: (staine,
20. For their fowle tongues Thy honour
And take Thy sacred Name in vaine.
21. Do not I hate, and grieve at those,
Whose proud despight against thee rose?
22. With perfect hate I them despise,
Accounting them mine enemies.

23. Search me (O Lord!)and prove my heart,
Who Judg of all my actions art:

Do

Do Thou my faith to tryall bring,
My hidden thoughts examining:
24. Look well, and all my motions view,
If I perſiſt in waies untrue:
And when Thou find'ſt my feet to ſtray,
Reduce me to Thy laſting way.

PSAL. CXL.

1. SAve me from men to evill bent;
And from the violent:
2. Which miſcheif in their hearts deviſe,
In war, and tumult riſe.
3. Their tongues are, like a Serpents, whet;
Their lips in poyſon ſet.
4. Lord! keep me from the raging foe,
That would my feet orethrow.

5. The proud have hidden nets prepar'd,
To take my life enſnar'd.
6. But I, Thou art my God, have ſaid;
O heare, and ſend me aid.
7. O God my Lord! the ſtrength alone
Of my ſalvation;
In day of battaile Thou my head
Haſt ſafely covered.

8. Grant not (O Lord!) their bad deſire;
Leaſt then their pride aſpire.
9. Let ſuddaine miſcheif cover thoſe,
Who would my life encloſe.
10. Let quenchleſs fire upon them raine;
Nor let them riſe againe:
11. No violent man, nor evill tongue
On earth be ſtabliſh'd long.

12. I know the Lord will them maintaine,
Who have afflicted lay'n;
Their cauſe regards, and doth delight
To help the poor to right.
13. For this, unto Thy Name the juſt
Their thanks acknowledg muſt.
And thoſe who live upright, and well,
Shall in Thy preſence dwell.

PSAL. CXLI.

1. TO Thee I cry, O Lord, make haſt
To heare my voice at laſt.
2. Let my requeſt like Incenſe riſe,
Or ev'ning ſacrifice.
3. Set Thou a watch my mouth before,
And keep my ſpeeches doore;

4. Incline

4. Incline not unto ill my heart,
With ſinners to take part.

Let me not eat of that delights
Their wicked appetites:
5. But let the righteous me reprove,
And ſmite me in his love.
Like pretious balmes, or odours ſhed,
Such ſtroaks not break my head;
And in my pray'rs I ſhall them bleſs,
In midſt of their diſtreſs.

6. When wicked Judges overthrow'n
Ly daſh'd againſt the ſtone;
They ſhall with much contentment heare
My words, which comfort beare.
7. Diſperſt, and ſcatter'd on the grave,
Our bones no value have:
As fallen trees, cut downe, and cleft,
Are in their ſplinters left.

8. But though in darknes clos'd I ly,
On Thee I fix mine eye:
Thou wilt not leave me in the duſt,
In whom my ſoul doth truſt.
9. O keep me from the cruell net,
Which wicked men have ſet.
10. Let them be ſnar'd in their own trap;
But let my ſoul eſcape.

PSAL. CXLII.

1. WIth low'd-voic'd cries to God I (came,
And my requeſt did frame:
2. I powred out my ſad complaint,
And ſhew'd Him my reſtraint.

3. Thou, when my ſoul was drown'd in woe,
My way, and path did'ſt know:
Yet in that walk my feet did tread,
Cloſe ſnares for me were ſpread.

4. I did upon my right hand look,
But no man knowledg took:
My ſoul of help was quite bereft,
And had no refuge left.

5. I therefore cry'd to Thee, O Lord!
And ſaid this faithfull word:
Thou do'ſt my Help and Portion ſtand,
In the Eternall Land.

6. Conſider then my great diſtreſs,
Brought low with heavineſs.
From perſecuters me defend,
Unable to contend.

7. My

7. My ſoule out of the priſon bring,
That I Thy praiſe may ſing.
And for this bounty ſhew'd to me,
The juſt ſhall honour Thee.

PSAL. CXLIII.

As Pſalme 25.

1. O Lord my Prayer heare,
Preſented in Thy feare:
With mercy anſwer my requeſt,
In humbleſt words expreſt.

2. Weigh not in judgments ſcales
Thy ſervants daily failes;
For no man living, in Thine eye,
Himſelf ſhall juſtify.

3. My foes which do purſue
My ſoule, by waies undue,
Make me in darkneſs hide my head,
Like thoſe have long been dead.

4. My Spirit faint, and worne,
Is by my griefes oreborne:
My heart within me deſolate,
Through my dejected ſtate.

5. Yet I the daies of old
In my remembrance hold:
Thy wonders paſt I meditate,
And all Thy works of late.

6. To Thee I ſtretch my hands;
Like as the thirſty Lands
The fruitfull raines deſire to ſee,
So thirſts my ſoul for Thee.

7. Heare me, O Lord, with ſpeed;
My fainting ſpirit heed:
Leaſt if Thou frowne, I prove like thoſe,
The pit of Death doth cloſe.

8. O let my longing eare
Betimes Thy kindnes heare.
In Thee I truſt: reveale that Path,
Thy truth preſcribed hath.

9. Lord ſave me from their ſpight,
Who in my wrongs delight:
To Thee my ſoul for ſhelter flies,
Againſt hir enemies.

10. Teach me to do Thy will,
That I may pleaſe Thee ſtill:
Let Thy good ſpirit me direct,
To live with Thine elect.

11. Lord quicken me againe;
Cleanſe Thou my ſinfull ſtaine;
For Thy great Name, and juſtice ſake,
My ſoul from trouble take.

12. I am Thy ſervant, Lord!
My comfort is Thy word.
Then of Thy goodnes thoſe deſtroy,
Who in my ſorrowes joy.

PSAL. CXLIV.

1. BLeſt be the Lord, my ſtrength, my (might,
Who taught my hands to fight:
2. My rock, my ſhield, and helper true,
My people to ſubdue.

3. Lord! what is man? or what his race,
Thy notice ſhould him grace?
4. Who is ſo vaine, his daies do fade
Like to the paſſing ſhade.

5. O Lord, the arched Heavens bow,
Come downe to earth below.
Touch their proud tops, and then thy ſtroak
Shall make the mountains ſmoak.

6. From

6. From Thy full clouds quick lightning caſt,
And them by ſcatt'ring waſt;
Let Thy ſharp arrowes, 'gainſt them ſhot,
Deſtruction make their lot.

7. Send from above Thine hand, to ſave
Me from the ſwelling wave. (hate,
8. From children ſtrange, whoſe mouth ſpeaks
Whoſe right hand acts deceit.

9. Then I new Songs will ſing to Thee,
Upon the Pſalterie:
And on the ten-ſtring'd Inſtrument
Ditties of praiſe invent.

10. For God ſalvation gives to Kings;
His help to *David* brings:
From perill of the Sword, and grave,
He doth His ſervant ſave.

11. Deliver me from ſtrangers hands,
Whoſe mouth againſt Thee bands:
Whoſe right hand falſhood doth defend;
Whoſe deeds in rapine end.

12. Our Sons like plants then, freſh in growth,
Shall flouriſh in their youth:
Our daughters like faire columnes be,
Which we in Temples ſee.

13. Our

13. Our garners ſhall be fill'd with ſtore,
Our ſheep bring thouſands more,
14. Our Oxen ſtrong; nor ſhall reſtraint
Cauſe in our ſtreets complaint.

15. Happy that people, and that place,
Which is in ſuch a caſe:
Yea bleſſed are, and happy, they,
Who God their Lord obey.

PSAL. CXLV.

Sing this as Pſalme 100.

1. I Thee extoll, my God and King!
And of Thy Name for ever ſing;
2. I Thee will bleſs through all my daies,
And yield Thy Name eternall praiſe.

3. Great is the Lord, prais'd and admir'd,
His greatneſs is by none exquir'd.
4. Each generation ſhall declare,
How mighty His atchievements are.

5. I will Thy glory celebrate,
Thy wond'rous works Majeſtick State:
6. Thy acts of terrour, and of fame,
All men ſhall ſpeak, and I proclaime.

7. They

7. They ſhall abundantly profeſs
Thy goodneſs, and Thy righteouſneſs;
8. Whoſe grace, and full compaſſions flow,
To mercy ſwift, to anger ſlow.

9. God's goodneſs every where extends,
His mercy all His works tranſcends.
10. All things (O Lord) Thou did'ſt create;
And Saints Thy praiſe ſhall celebrate.
11. Their tongues Thy Kingdom's rule make (know'n;
By them Thy glorious acts are ſhow'n:
12. That all the Sons of men may ſee
Thy mighty pow'r, and Majeſtie.

13. Thy Kingdom doth for ever laſt,
When men decay, and time is paſt.
14. God doth uphold all ſuch as fall,
And men caſt downe from ruin call.

15. The eyes of all on Thee attend,
Who in due ſeaſon meat do'ſt ſend:
16. Thy open hand, when need requires,
Doth ſatisfie their juſt deſires.

17. The Lord is right in all His waies,
In Holineſs His works He layes.
18. The Lord is good, and nigh to all,
Who faithfully upon Him call.

19. He

19. He their deſire will ſatisfie,
Who feare Him, and regard their cry:
20. Saves all, that love Him, from annoy:
But all the wicked will deſtroy.
(praiſe,
21. Therefore my mouth, to ſpeake His
Shall lowd, and thankfull accents raiſe:
And let all fleſh, whom He did frame,
For ever bleſs His Holy Name.

PSAL: CXLVI.

1: TTo God (my ſoule) His praiſes give,
And bleſs Him, whil'ſt I live.
2. I will to Him my thankes up ſend,
Untill my being end.

3. Put not in Princes any truſt,
Nor in the Sons of duſt;
Who nor themſelves, nor others ſave
From the devouring graye.

4. Soon as man breathleſs doth remaine,
He turnes to earth againe.
And, as his time of life expires,
So periſh his deſires.

5. O therefore happy he, whoſe faith
On God relyance hath: Who

Who makes the fear of Him his ſcope,
And object of his hope.

6. He Heav'n and earth and Sea did frame,
With all that Thoſe containe:
And when their frame is quite defac't,
His truth ſhall ever laſt.

7. He doth the wronged help to right,
Who are oppreſt by might:
Feeds thoſe that are to want expos'd;
And hath the Captives loos'd.

8. He to the blind reſtores their eyes,
He makes the fall'n to riſe:
He upon ſuch beſtowes his care,
Who juſt and faithfull are.

9. The Lord all ſtrangers doth receive,
And fatherleſs releive:
When wicked men are overthrowne,
And all their hopes caſt downe.

10. The Lord thy God, O *Sion*, reignes,
His glory ſtill remaines.
Then to thy everlaſting King
Eternall praiſes ſing.

PSAL. CXLVII.

1. PRaiſe ye the Lord: a pleaſant thing
It is, His praiſe to ſing.
2. God ruin'd *Salem* doth repaire:
Whoſe out-caſts gather'd are.

3. He heales and binds the broken heart,
Relieves the wounded's ſmart:
4. The ſparkling Starres He numbers all,
And by their names doth call.

5. Great is our Lord, and ſtrong His might,
His Wiſdome infinite:
6. He doth the meek exalt, and crowne;
But caſt's the wicked downe.

7. To God the Lord, ſo good, ſo great,
Your thankfull hymnes repeat;
And to the Harpes melodious ſtring
His conſtant praiſes ſing.

8. Who heavens face with vapour ſhrowds,
And covers it with clouds:
Who powres his raine on earth below,
And makes the Mountaines grow.

9. He

9. He gives his food unto the beaſt;
And, from their airy neſt
When the young ravens to Him cry,
Feeds Them abundantly.

10. He not delights in ſtrength of horſe,
Nor values humane force:
11. But thoſe who make His feare their ſcope,
And in His mercy hope.

12. *Ieruſalem* O praiſe the Lord;
Sion, Thy God record:
13. Who barres thy gates, to give thee reſt,
And hath thy children bleſt.

14. He maketh in thy borders peace;
Fills thee with cornes increaſe.
15. His wing'd commands moſt ſwiftly run,
And, ſoon as ſaid, are done.

16. He giveth, like the wooll, his ſnowes,
Hoare froſt like aſhes ſtrowes:
17. Caſts forth his Ice, like morſells roll'd.
Who can withſtand His cold?

18. He ſendeth out His word, and Law,
Which melts them to a thaw:
He cauſeth His ſtrong wind to blow,
And makes the waters flow.

19. Hi

19. His word He doth to *Iacob* ſhew,
Makes him His judgment know.
And to his choſen *Iſrael*
He doth His Statutes tell.

20. He with no Nation ſo did deale,
Nor thus His Love reveale;
Who nor His judgments knew, nor word:
Therefore, Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSAL. CXLVIII.

To the proper Tune.

1. PRaiſe God from Heaven high,
Who ſits above the ſky:
2. Ye glorious Angels all,
Ye Hoſts Celeſtiall;
3. Ye Sun and Moon,
Both Night and Noon,
Ye Stars of light
His praiſe recite.

4. Praiſe Him ye Heavens that move,
Ye waters them above,
5. Praiſe Him, whoſe pow'rfull Name
Created This great frame.
He did command
6. Them faſt to ſtand: By

By His decree
They lasting be.

7. All that earth's bosome keeps,
Ye dragons, and all deepes:
8. Fire, haile, the falling snow,
The furious winds that blow:
Stormes that fulfill
His sacred will,
And serve His word,
Praise ye the Lord.

9. Mountaines, that touch the sky;
Ye Hills, which lower ly;
All trees that fruitfull are,
The Cedars tall and faire:
10. Beasts, which the field,
Or pastures yeild;
Each creeping thing;
And bird of wing.

11. Kings, which the earth do sway,
People, who them obey:
Princes of royall birth,
And Judges of the earth:
12. Young men, and maids,
Old men, and babes,
13. Let them proclaime
His awfull name:

His Name doth all excell,
In earth, or Heaven that dwell:
14. He will His People raiſe,
Of all His Saints the praiſe:
Ev'n *Iacob* deare,
His care moſt neare;
Joyn'd in accord,
Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSAL. CXLIX.

Sing this as Pſalme 119.

1. PRaiſe ye the Lord: New Anthems bring,
Which ye to God may ſing:
And let the quire of Saints His praiſe
In their aſſembly raiſe.
2. Let *Iſrael* in Him rejoyce,
Who form'd him with his voyce:
Let all the Sons, from *Sion* ſpring,
Be joyfull in their King.

3. Let them with Dance, and Pipe proclaime
The glory of His Name:
Let them ſing praiſes with the Harp,
With Timbrell ſhrill and ſharp.
4. For in His people He delights,
Who celebrate His Rites:
And thoſe with meekneſs who abound,
Are with ſalvation crown'd.

5. Let

5. Let Saints with glory raiſe their heads,
And ſing upon their beds:
6. Let His high praiſe, who rules the skies,
Their voices exerciſe.
And in their hand a Two-edg'd ſword
Be put, to act His word,
7. For judgment 'gainſt the Heathen bent,
And peoples puniſhment:

8. Their captive Kings in chaines confin'd,
With manacles to bind,
And their rebellious Nobles lead
In iron fettered.
9. To execute that heavy wrath
His judgment threat'ned hath:
And in faire Characters engrave;
His Saints ſuch honour have.

PSAL. CL.

1. PRaiſe ye the Lord, your Songs addreſs
To praiſe His Holynes:
O praiſe Him in His pow'rs extent,
Who rules the firmament.

2. Praiſe Him for all His acts of might,
Our wonder which invite:

In praiſes due His greatneſs tell,
Which all things doth excell.

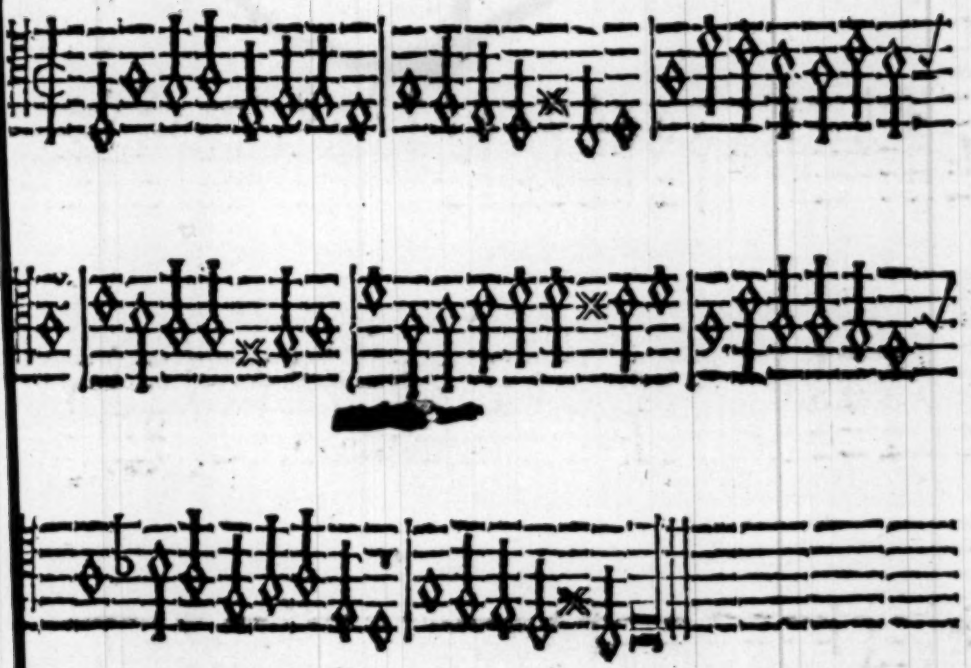
3. Praiſe Him with Trumpets lofty ſound,
With Cornets ſhake the ground:
His praiſe the Pſaltery inſpire,
With the melodious Lyre.

4. Praiſe him with Timbrells, and advance
His honour in the Dance.
Praiſe Him with Organs, Violls, Flutes,
And the well-ſtringed Lutes.

5. With Cymbals loud Him magnify,
Praiſe Him on Cymbals high:
6. Let every creature, that hath breath,
His Maker praiſe till death.

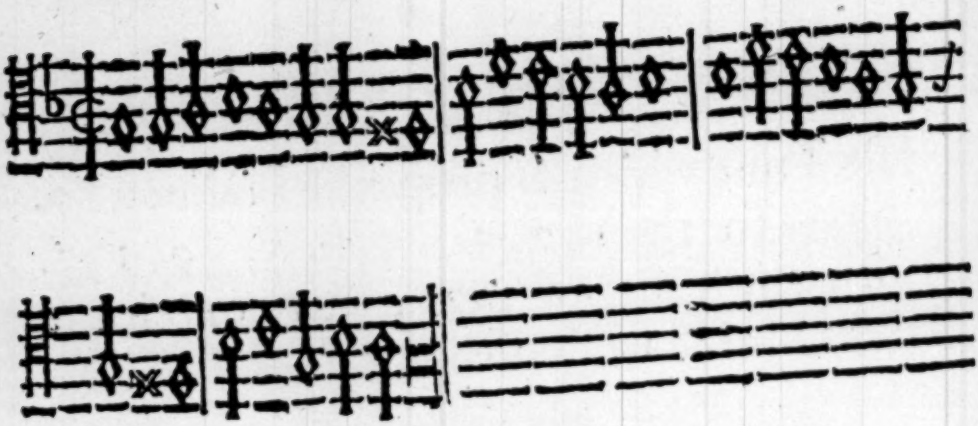
FINIS.

THis Tune which is proper to Pſalme 119. ſerves for the 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 39. 137. With any other of that Meter, conteining Eight Lines in a Staffe.

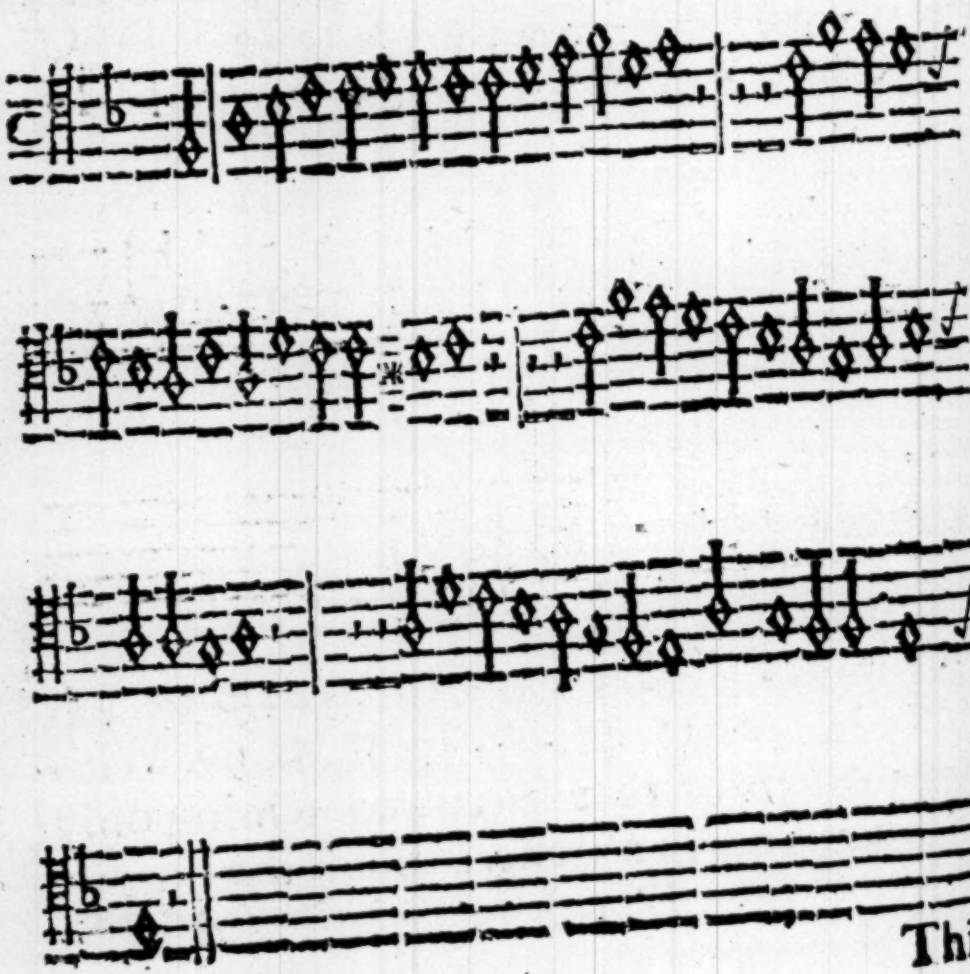


This is for Pſal. 8. 15. 19. 20. 21. 23. 24. 26. 28. 29. 32. 41. 42. 45. 47. 48. 52. 69. With any others of that Meter, conteining only Fowre lines in a Staffe. But if the Former ſeemes more difficult, or be leſſe uſed in di-

verſe Places, This Tune will ſerve generally for all, whoſe Meter is like the Firſt Pſalme.



This Tune is for Pſal. 81.85.87.98.101.



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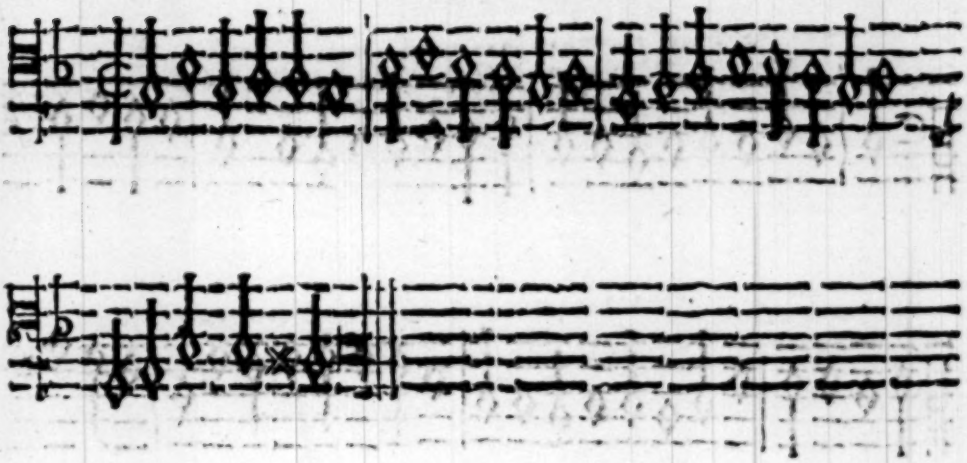
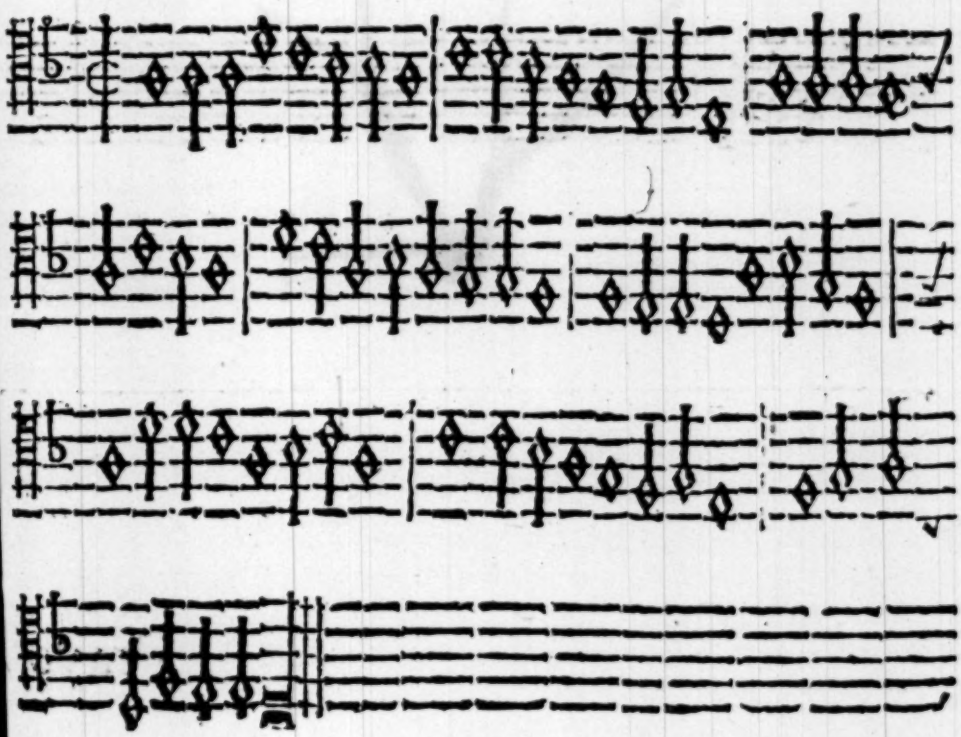
This For Psal. 25. 67. 134. 143.

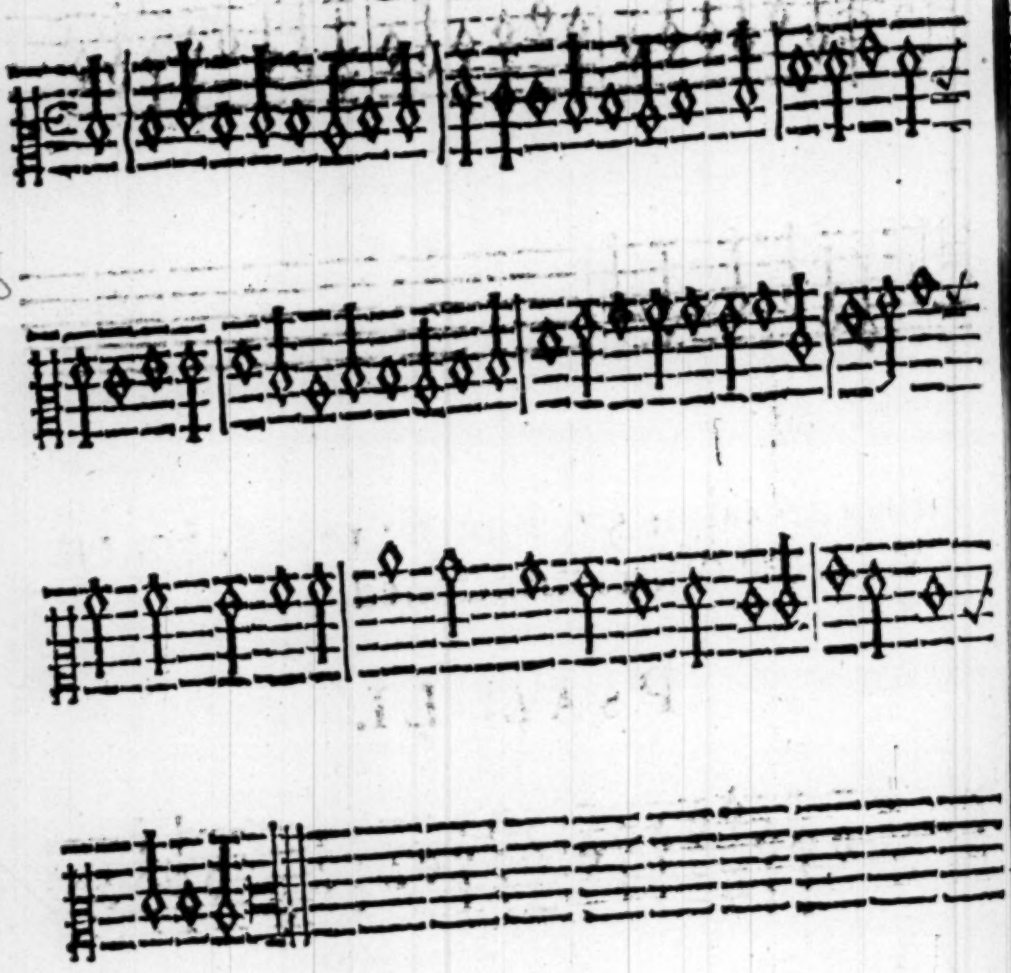


Tune of Psalme 51. For the 17. 68. 80. 118.
With the others mentioned.

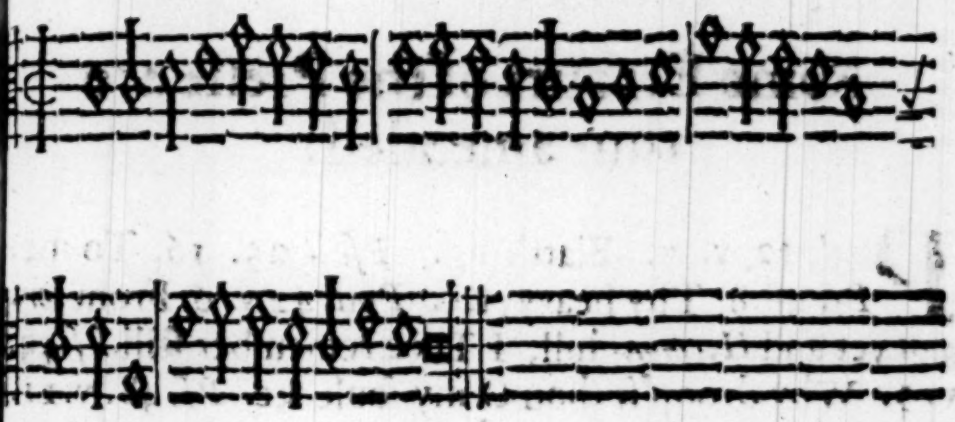
Psal: LI.



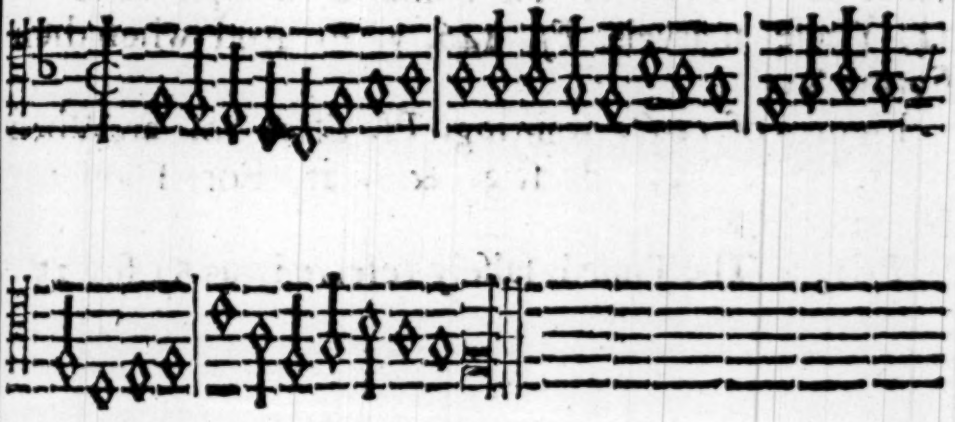
Lamentation.



Prayer.



PSAL. C.



There be other Tunes, which being not very uſuall, are not here ſet downe, as *Pſal.* 50. 124. 127 &c. For which you are referred to the *Pſalmes* Printed with the Bibles.

Some Errours of the Presse are thus amended:

PSal. 12. v. 7. Flatt'ring. *Psal.* 25. 16. To me. *Ps.* 38.8. Thy heavy, &c. *Psal.* 42.v. 6. From *Iordan* yet and *Hermons* hill, I Thee remember still. *Ps.* 43. v. 5. Why droop'st thou O my soule &c. *Ps.* 48. v. 11. Let *Iudahs* daughters &c. *Ps.* 49. v. 15. But God my soule &c. *Ps* 67.v.1. Upon Thy servants &c. *Ps.* 73. v. 16. Hard to be &c. *Ps.*98.8. Let Hills &c. *Ps.*107.v. 40. Puts to scorne. *Ps.*105.2. Celebrate. *Ps.*114.v.6. Ye little hills &c. *Ps.* 125.v. 3. Vassalls, & v. 2. *Salem* sense. *Ps.*139.v.8. 'Tis Thine own Sphære. & v. 14. These marvels. *Ps.* 146. v. 6. And when their Forme &c.

Figures of *verses* wanting. *Ps.* 6. v. 10. at, When their, &c. *Ps.* 30. deest 3. & 7. at, For Thou my Mountaine, &c.

*Ps.*134. The Tune is falsely referred, as 51. for 25.

FINIS.